CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

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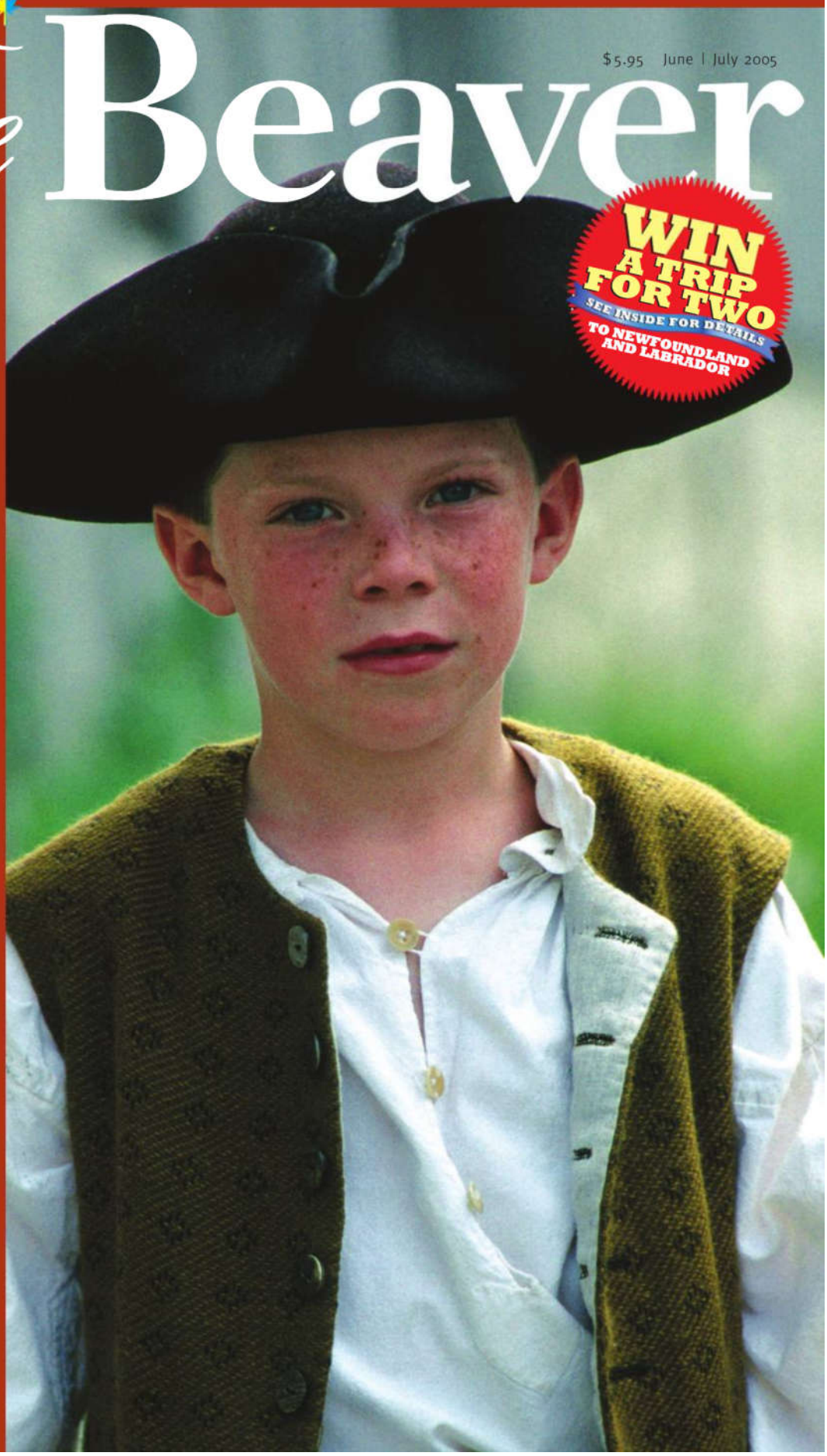

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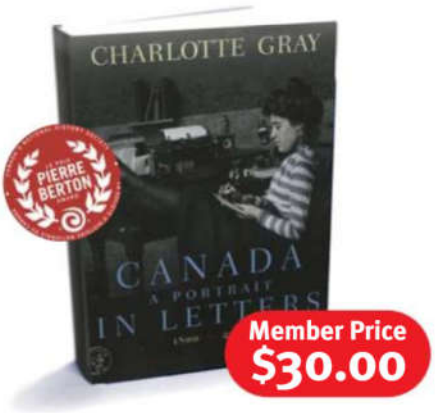

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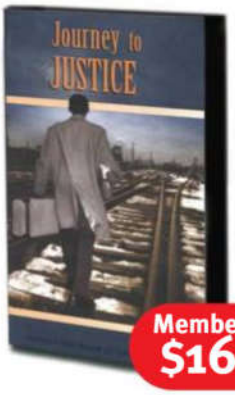

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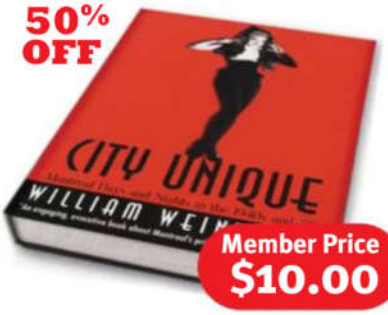

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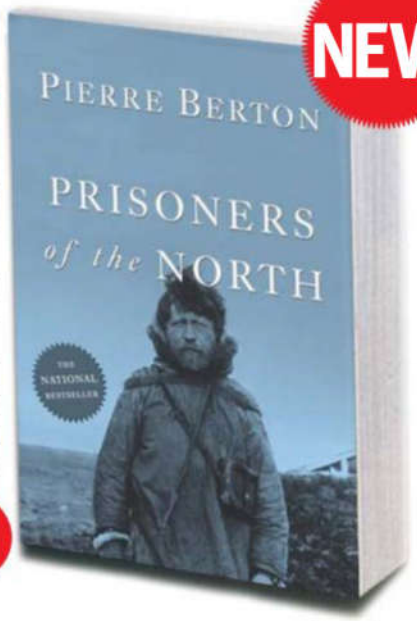

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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the ***Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation***.

Letters

Poundmaker's prisoner

I read with great interest Heather Robertson's story of the actions of Poundmaker in the 1885 Rebellion ["A Fine Day for a Fight," April/May 2005]. My great-uncle, Dan McLean, of Longlaketon, Saskatchewan, was one of the drivers in the wagon train loaded with supplies for Otter's troops, captured by Poundmaker and his band of Crees (mentioned on p. 25). There were 21 drivers in the wagon train; 2,000 Cree, 200 cattle, and many horses and oxen were in Poundmaker's camp. The wagon train was surrounded and its contents looted. The wagon drivers were robbed of their valuables. Dan lost $25 and a watch. Dan wrote an extensive story about his capture and Poundmaker's surrender to General Middleton. An excerpt:

The captured men were crowded into a dirty, black teepee, packed so closely that only standing was possible. All night the Indians kept up a constant stamping and scuffling outside the tent. The Indians gathered in a circle. The Chief, Poundmaker, got in the center and talked for a long, long time, while the others kept perfectly still. An interpreter told the prisoners they were talking about whether the men should be killed right away or sent to Riel. After a long time, Poundmaker took a long pipe out of his pocket, and filled it with kinnikinnick and tobacco. He lit it, took 2 long puffs and handed it to others who passed it around the circle. They were smoking the peace pipe. This meant that the Indians were deciding in the prisoners' favour. They would obey Riel's orders to bring all prisoners to him.

The next morning the wagon train set off along the encampment of Cree. A week later, camped on a bluff seven miles outside of Battleford, a scout rode into camp and told them that Riel had surrendered. The next day, May 26, they all went into Battleford where Poundmaker surrendered to General Middleton and the prisoners were released.

Dan McLean was born at Burgoyne, Ontario, in 1863. He came west in 1882 and filed on a homestead at Longlaketon in 1883. He lived in that district most of his life, dying in Regina in 1953. In 1945, at the sixtieth anniversary reunion of Rebellion veterans in Winnipeg, he was awarded the Queen's Medal for his work.

CAMERON MCMILLAN
BARRIE, ONTARIO

Tribute tribute I

Thank you for publishing "Your Story," by Jack Finn [April/May 2005]. As a some-time history researcher I quickly identified with him in his frustrating, driven search for facts about soldier John Harper MacLeod. Sadly, in spite of all of Jack Finn's digging, MacLeod's beginnings remain unknown. But this remarkable, young, and most admirable author converted the void into a brilliant, sensitive tribute to an "almost unknown soldier."

As I finished reading the piece I was profoundly moved to say, Oh, God, don't make this kid or his brothers ever have to go to war.

CARLE F. O'NEIL
COLUMBIA FALLS, MONTANA

Tribute tribute II

Of all the stories I've enjoyed in the *Beaver*, none has touched me as much as Jack Finn's tale of Private John MacLeod [April/May 2005].

Jack Finn may perhaps go on to be a great writer and a great historian. But more important, he has already displayed a high level of compassion and understanding.

Thank you, Jack, and write on!

ART SIMONS
SALTSPRING ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Imperfect world

Personally, I found "Perfect People, Perfect Country," by Allan Levine [April/May 2005] permeated with smugness, condemnation, insinuation, and the common superiority of hindsight. I can't think of criticizing mothers and fathers who have the misfortune of raising severely mentally retarded children to the best of their abilities. And depending on the extent of mental handicap, I can see more good than harm in sterilization.

When I was a child in the 1940s, I visited my two cousins for a few days, and as we were racing through the house, playing hide and seek, I happened to open a door to a room I had never seen. To my horror, there in the dim light was an adult woman on a bed, crying and fussing like a baby; this was the cousin I didn't know about.

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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Before my two cousins were born, my aunt gave birth to a girl whose mental age never moved beyond that of a baby, and until she was no longer able to care for her, my aunt looked after this adult woman-baby, a burden I couldn't now even imagine carrying.

I don't think Allan Levine has even tried to come to terms with the reality of severe mental retardation, and what it means to the parents of such children. For him this is all a theoretical discussion of the roots of Nazi Germany, but it is and will always be a real, human problem within families, personal and practical more than political.

Before I condemn out of hand many exceptional Canadian men and women, like Nellie McClung, and the thinking of the times, I hope I might stop to wonder at my own rightness in easy judgment.

BILL SHANNON
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

The author responds: I believe Mr. Shannon has missed the point of my article. The aim of the eugenics movement was the creation of a perfect world where ultimately there would be no place for individuals who were deemed to be physically or mentally challenged. The common superiority of hindsight he accuses me of allows us today to understand just how misguided eugenics supporters were, including exceptional Canadians like Helen MacMurchy and Nellie McClung – products of a society that advanced conformity rather than tolerance. They failed to see that arbitrary sterilization policies and other similar measures, which branded people according to narrow biological and often incorrect classifications, were unjust, perverse, and dangerous. Taken to its extreme, eugenics led to the horrific acts perpetrated by the Nazis. And there is nothing smug about condemning such malevolence or the popular attitudes that contributed to it. –ALLAN LEVINE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Holy smoke

"Growing Their Own" [February/March 2005], page 33, states, "In penning those lines, Cocking became the first person to record tobacco cultivation." This should read "the first non-native person" – oral accounts predated Cocking. And on p. 34, the statement, "The owners wife takes care of the bundle" should be clarified. Women definitely did take care of the bundles – because men where not considered holy enough to touch the bundles. In many tribes, women were, until white Europeans came along, the spiritual leaders and therefore much holier than men. Women had to purify the men before the men could touch the bundles.

DEBORAH MOYER
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Noble Frasers

I was fascinated to learn that the 78th Fraser Highlanders helped James Wolfe defeat Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham in 1759 ["Tartan and *Pure Laine*," February/March 2005]. It's easy to surmise that if the Scots had not been there that perhaps Wolfe would have lost and we'd all be living in French Canada today as Catholics.

In the article, it is stated: "Thus Simon Fraser, who called up the Seventy-eighth Fraser Highlanders to go and fight in Quebec, had seen his own father hanged for treason after Culloden." Simon Fraser's father, also called Simon Fraser, was the head of the Lovat line of Frasers. Simon Fraser, the father (who was also known as "the Fox"), was the 11th Lord Lovat. He was not hanged. He was, in fact, beheaded on Tower Hill in London on April 9, 1747, and was the last nobleman to lose his life in this way.

The Lovat title and lands were appropriated by the British Parliament. Eventually, the lands and title were restored to the Lovat line of Frasers, partly as a consequence of Simon Fraser's (the son's) help to James Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham.

BRIAN FRASER
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Erratum: On p. 28 of the April/May 2005 issue, the caption under the photograph should have identified the group above as the United Farm *Women* of Alberta, not the United Farm Workers as printed.

Lost & Found: Family photos circa 1926 were found pasted into an 1898 copy of *The Farmer's Manual*. Please view photos on <TheBeaver.ca>, and contact us if you know of the rightful owner.

More Letters The *Beaver* website has more letters to the editor. To see letters that may only be available online, go to <www.thebeaver.ca>, and click on "Extra! Extra!" to get to the "Letterbox" section.

Mike Ford's CD *Canada Needs You, Volume One* covers pre-1905 Canadian history in song. Volume Two, currently in the works, will tackle the twentieth century

PHOTO FOR THE BEAVER BY GARY MULCAHEY

LIVING HISTORY

Musician

"Sir John A. (You're O.K.)" is a lovely affirmation of Canada's first prime minister, but it's also the name of one of twelve songs on *Canada Needs You: Volume One*. The mastermind behind the Canadian history CD is Mike Ford, a guitar-toting, history-loving singer/songwriter whose claim to fame is as a member of the band Moxy Früvous. After ten years of near-constant touring with the folk-pop-vaudeville band, through which he was able to write and perform songs on almost any imaginable subject, Ford settled on history.

"After Früvous, I wanted to do something that would combine my passions – history, the land, music, and teaching – in a way that would ensure I'd be home for dinner." So, he created *Canada In Song*, a series of history song performances of which the CD is a culmination. For the last four years, Ford has performed in schools across south-central Ontario, entertaining students with the wonders of Thanadelthur, D'Arcy McGee, Nova Scotia's Oak Island mystery, and even a voyageur adventure complete with some rather impolite yet kid-friendly bodily sounds. And while his audience is most often made up of kids in grades 7–10, Ford performs the songs for adults in nightclubs, universities, and festivals too.

Ford says his fascination with Canadian history began at a young age. His father, John Ford, to whom the album is dedicated, created Canadian history filmstrips for teachers and their students, and the younger Ford used to rummage around his office, captivated by the words and images he found in there. "Then I spent a lot of my twenties bouncing around the country for various experiences, and my thirties touring the country with the band. It all welled up into this passion I have for the different stories and historical themes of Canada."

These stories and themes are now woven into the melodies and lyrics of *Canada Needs You*. This pressing title is also the name of track ten – a critique of the immigration posters sent a hundred years ago by the Canadian government to foreign countries, urging people to move to Canada and populate the West. The lyrics quip, "There's an abundance of everything in Western Canada, where it's never ever cold and the streets are paved with gold…" As we know, things were far from perfect for many who made the trek, and Ford uses the song to discuss how open the Open Door Policy truly was. Ford explains *Canada Needs You* is also a call to the children he performs for: "I firmly believe Canada is in great need of these students – their passion, involvement, and activism."

The CD is available at <www.mikeford.ca> or by calling 1-877-944-5144.

ARTIFACT

Trudeau's sandals

When Pierre Elliot Trudeau became a Liberal member of Parliament in 1965, he sometimes offended his conservatively dressed colleagues in the House of Commons with his informal attire. That year, Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker lashed out at the forty-six-year-old bachelor for wearing a sporty yellow ascot in the House instead of a conventional and sombre tie. But nothing vexed parliamentarians more in the mid-1960s than Trudeau's footwear. The justice minister, charming, rebellious, and stubborn, had a penchant for sandals, then considered outlandish housing for the male foot.

In 1981, the Bata Shoe Museum in Toronto asked Trudeau, then in his final years as Canada's prime minister, if he would donate his sandals for an exhibition. Trudeau was still wearing them – "occasionally," he wrote. "Write again when I retire from office. By then, I might have unpacked the sandals I wore when I bummed around the world in 1948–1949." In 1992, the sandals arrived, autographed.

Their simple but solid construction consists of a brown leather toe strap and an asymmetrical vamp strap that is wider on the outside than on the inside and is fastened to the heel strap with brass rivets. Mostly likely, Trudeau purchased them while travelling in Europe; it would have been difficult to find a pair in Canada in the late 1940s. By the late 1960s, however, sandals were everywhere, and have been so ever since.

More information on the Bata Show Museum is available at <www.batashoemuseum.ca>.

PORT DALHOUSIE HERITAGE RESOURCE INVENTORY

Port Dalhousie redevelopment plans call for the demolition of the 145-year-old Old Port Mansion.

HERITAGE

On the waterfront

It's one of the few remaining nineteenth-century canal villages in the world left relatively intact, and a year ago it was designated a heritage district by the Province of Ontario. But now Port Dalhousie, a historic part of St. Catharines, has become an endangered spot on the map. Dating from 1826, the northern terminus of the first Welland Canal connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, Port Dalhousie was a lively canalside and lakefront village that left a legacy of historically and architecturally significant buildings. To walk alongside the streetscape today, enthusiasts say, is to step into the past, but that ambiance may be compromised if a new development – including a thirty-three-storey glass-and-steel condo tower, hotel, theatre, and retail complex – muscles in, removes some heritage buildings, and radically alters the landscape. Are heritage-minded St. Catharines citizens concerned? Yes, they are, and they have a natty website to prove it: saveport.ca. No less a figure than Jane Jacobs, author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, one of the most influential critiques of urban planning, has called the redevelopment scheme "an outrageous violation, "an "unfortunate scheme," and "heedless opportunism run wild." Meanwhile, antidevelopment and prodevelopment forces are putting their ducks in order for a likely fall showdown.

Elsewhere, 250 kilometres east, Kingston, Ontario, is experiencing similar unhappiness, at least in some quarters. Planned for its waterfront: a Large Venue Entertainment Centre (capitals theirs). What the LVEC will replace: a hub of Kingston's once-vibrant maritime heritage at Anglin Bay, where steam locomotives once belched and steamboats once whistled and forge hammers once pounded, and where a large drydock still functions today. Heritage advocates point out that area was the magnet of employment in once-industrial Kingston and a generator of the city's wealth and ought in some way to be preserved or commemorated. But fondness for the industrial in a postindustrial age is not widespread.

Better news, however, over on southeast Georgian Bay, where the Huronia Lightstation Preservation Society www.hlps.ca is poised to restore the Hope Island lighthouse after numerous setbacks. The 1884 wood frame structure, one of fewer than half the fifty lighthouses that once peppered the shores of Georgian Bay and Manitoulin Island, was in an extreme state of disrepair, particularly after the lead-paint-coated shingles had to be removed to comply with federal government predivestment contamination standards, which left the sheathing and framing exposed to the elements for two years. But all's well that's close to ending well. The shipping lanes on the Upper Great Lakes were vital to trade up to the mid-twentieth century, and though changed transportation patterns (roads) and modern navigational technologies (GPS) have made the lighthouses redundant, the structures themselves, architectural blends of beauty and utility, remain a reassuring sight.

COMMEMORATION

Sir John A., we hardly knew ye

Canada's first prime minister may have died 114 years ago June 6, but memories haven't completely faded in Kingston, Ontario, Sir John A. Macdonald's hometown (though not his birthplace) and site of his grave. This year, the thirty-fifth anniversary of doing so, the Kingston Historical Society will pull out the stops for a commemorative service at Cataraqui Cemetery, continuing a tradition that began a year after Macdonald's 1891 death from stroke in Ottawa, three months after his reelection. Once again the guard from nearby Fort Henry will turn out in scarlet uniforms, and period-costumed staff from Bellevue House, Macdonald's Kingston home and a national historic site, will give a decorative

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touch to the pageantry, choirs will sing, and wreaths will be laid. Over the years, distinguished politicians, historians, diplomats, educators, and others have been invited to give a formal address, the focus of the ceremony, on some aspect of Sir John A.'s life and legacy. Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, for example, in 1991 chose constitutional reform and Macdonald's struggle for national unity as his topic. This year's speaker is Herb Gray, currently chairman of the Canadian section of the International Joint Commission, former deputy prime minister, and long-time Liberal member of Parliament. One of our correspondents, attending last year's event, described it as "most stirring." He added: "Macdonald himself wanted a modest grave and as little fanfare as possible, and so it seems that the Kingston ceremony has got it just about right in the usual understated Canadian fashion."

When Macdonald waded through enthusiastic crowds during his last campaign in 1891, one disciple is said to have cried out: "You'll never die, John A." June 6, at Cataraqui Cemetery – ironically – he hasn't. At least in spirit.

The ceremony begins 1:30 P.M. Further information is available at <www.heritagekingston.org>.

OLDWAYS

Rose jar potpourri

The following comes from a letter dated September 1973 sent to the Beaver*'s editor, Annalee Greenberg.*

Wild roses are suggested but home grown and florist petals will do. Gather early in the morning and spread on a table in a cool place until the dew has dried.

Have ready a one-gallon jar, stone or china, with a lid. Put into it a layer of petals 1/2 inch in depth. Then sprinkle salt to form a very thin layer. Continue in this manner – 1/2 inch petals and thin layer of salt – until the crock is half filled. Store crock in a cool, dark place for 10 days and stir the mixture once each morning.

When the 10 days have passed, transfer petals to another jar. Grind and mix together one ounce each of cloves, allspice, and cinnamon stick. Scatter some of the mixture in the bottom of the crock that the petals were in, then put in a layer of petals. Continue in these alternate layers until mix and petals are all used. Set mixture in a cool dark place for 3 weeks. This is the "stock."

Now the stock should be ready. Assemble and mix together 1/4 oz each of mace, allspice and cloves all coarsely ground; half a nutmeg, grated; 1/2 oz of cinnamon; one oz powdered orris root;* 4 oz dried lavender flowers. Fill the jars you have selected with alternate layers of petal mix and the above mix. Pack rather firmly and always leave about a one-inch space at top of each jar no matter what size the jar. Lastly sprinkle on top of each jar a few drops of rose oil, this should be done with each layer as well.

A half-gallon jar of rose petals should yield about 2 one-quart jars of finished potpourri.

I've had this recipe since the summer of 1948 and made it 3 times. It takes more wild petals than tame ones and they sometimes stick together because they are so thin and delicate. I made a small sachet using coral organdy and ribbon to tie it. The organdy was about 5 1/2 to 6 inches square cut with pinking shears. I used 2 layers and mixed colors would be better. Two layers were so the spices wouldn't sift out. I put one of these sachets in my china cabinet and it made a delightful aroma for any one who went near or opened the doors. Just a little something to charm my guests, and it did.

I also put these little sachets in gifts, especially at Christmas time. However they should later be kept in jars so the aroma will last longer.

I hope you have as much fun and pleasure from this recipe as I did. –Edna Whitcomb

* The fragrant underground stems of the iris plant, used as a fixative, available from online herb vendors and some pharmacies.

OPENINGS

Threefer

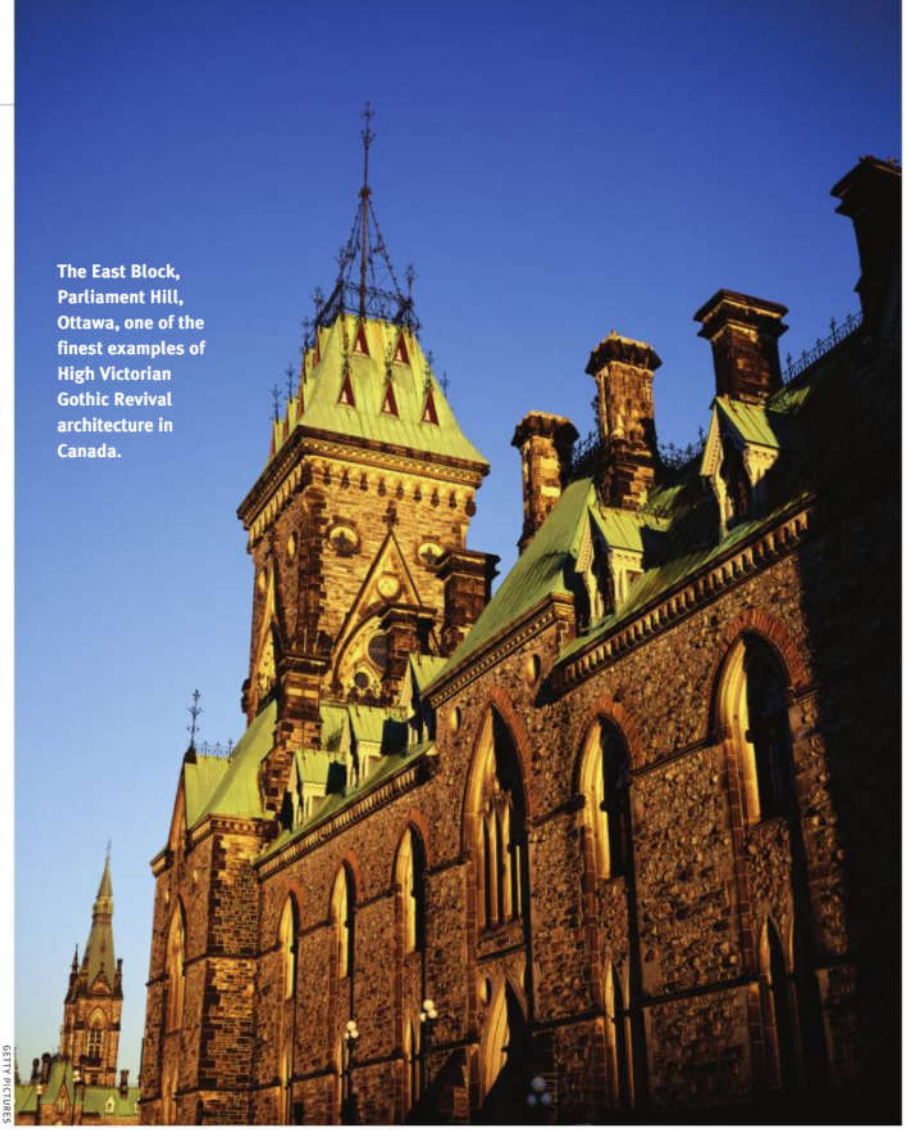
An apt name, in more ways than one, The Rooms. Newfoundland and Labrador's newest cultural attraction, scheduled to open June 29 on a high and windy hill overlooking St. John's harbour, The Rooms incorporates the Provincial Museum of Newfoundland and Labrador, the Provincial Archives of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the Art Gallery of – you guessed it – Newfoundland and Labrador. That's three! three! three! cultural institutions in one.

But the 14,000-square-metre building isn't called The Rooms because it has rooms galore. No. It's called The Rooms because – O ye of little Newfie – "rooms" were buildings on the Newfoundland (and Labrador!) shoreline where fish was processed and where nets and other fishing equipment were stored. It's a tribute to the traditional lifestyle and unique language of the province.

Interestingly, The Rooms sits on the site of Fort Townshend, constructed by the British during the late eighteenth century when the Americans were getting uppity and the French were always snappish to shore up the St. John's defences and protect the lucrative fishery. There was some controversy when the powers-that-be decided to locate The Rooms on the commanding site, but the solution has been to make Fort Townshend part of the exhibition as an ongoing archaeological dig at the basement level. More information at <www.therooms.ca>. And while you're at it, check out <www.heritage.nf.ca> for further Newfoundland (and Labrador!) history nuggets.

FACTOID

Aliens looking for a place to park their spaceship can find the perfect spot in St. Paul, Alberta. To commemorate Canada's centennial, the town built the world's first UFO landing pad. While it has not yet attracted any little green creatures, it has seen thousands of tourists, Queen Elizabeth and Mother Teresa included.



The East Block, Parliament Hill, Ottawa, one of the finest examples of High Victorian Gothic Revival architecture in Canada.

GETTY PICTURES

RECREATION

Architrekture

Open Door, as in immigration policy, may be controversial, but Doors Open, as in heritage tour, is less so. Or not at all, in fact. In the last few years, the notion of opening buildings of historic or architectural significance to the public on a couple of designated days of the year (that bear no trace of winter) has swept the nation. Toronto was the first city in North America to successfully launch a Doors Open event in 2000, followed by Ottawa in 2002. Now many of the major centres in Canada feature Doors Open weekends: In Ontario alone this season, more than forty cities and towns will fling open the portals to public purview; in Alberta, more than ten. The best place to glean details on schedules, venues, and fees (if any) is online. Here is a by-no-means-exhaustive inventory of websites:

- Newfoundland and Labrador: www.doorsopendays.com→
- Ontario: www.doorsopenontario.on.ca
- Alberta: www.doorsopenalberta.com
- Saskatoon: www.tourismsaskatoon.com/doorsopen
- Winnipeg: www.doorsopenwinnipeg.ca

The Heritage Canada Foundation also has a website dedicated to Doors Open that includes not only events in other parts of the country, but also tips on how to organize a Doors Open event in your own city or town, should one be lacking. Log on to <www.doorsopencanada.ca>.

LEGACY

Portrait of the artist as a young manse

Though Lucy Maud Montgomery is indelibly linked to Prince Edward Island, notably through her 1908 novel *Anne of Green Gables* and the world-famous literary character it spawned, she spent nearly half her life in Ontario. Of her twenty-two novels, half she wrote not from a farmstead in verdant Cavendish, P.E.I, but from a manse in Leaskdale, a town sixty kilometres north of Toronto, where her husband, a Presbyterian minister, received his calling in 1911. Now that manse, designated a national historic site in 1997, will be open to the public in (nearly) full restoration for the first time this summer. Montgomery lived in it until 1926, a fertile period in which she wrote further volumes of the Anne series, as well as *Rilla of Ingleside* and *Emily of New Moon*. Indeed, though Montgomery's novels continued to evoke the cultural landscape of Prince Edward Island, some students of her work think that Ontario coloured her perspective. The P.E.I. setting for the children in *Rainbow Valley*, for instance, is thought to lie just across the street from the window in the manse where Montgomery sat composing her stories. Further information on summer tours and Leaskdale Manse Museum's restoration efforts is available at <www.town.uxbridge. on.ca/history/historicSites/lmm/lmm.htm>.

MOMENT

June 24, 1880: A National anthem is born

Calixa Lavallée

Picture a palatial ballroom in Quebec City, lit by gas lamps, on the night of St-Jean-Baptiste Day. Five hundred guests are on hand for a banquet – the crowning event of an international gathering of the French from across North America. The governor general is here, along with Quebec's lieutenant governor and the Honourable Wilfrid Laurier, plus senators, judges, mayors, and delegates from across Canada and New England. They sit at six long tables laden with delicacies: salmon, turkey, capon, roast beef, and lobster salad. For dessert are ices, creams, and pies of strawberry, peach, raspberry, rhubarb, and plum. What a party! All that's needed is a song. And the organizers have just the thing: a tune freshly penned by Calixa Lavallée, then one of Quebec's most renowned composers.

Lavallée hailed from Saint-Hyacinthe, Quebec, and his résumé shows that nothing ever changes: He had to go south to succeed. As a young man, he enlisted as a musician in the Union army in the U.S. Civil War, emerging wounded and honourably discharged. He then found fame writing operas in New York, Boston, Paris, and London. Returning to Quebec in 1880, Lavallée found his compatriots buzzing with plans for celebration. The French population had exploded, and the habitants felt powerful and proud. They asked Lavallée for a patriotic song, which he composed in April 1880. Words came from another son of Quebec, Mr. Justice Adolphe-Basile Routhier. After the meal at the Quebec City banquet hall, a band of a hundred trumpets struck up, accompanied by a choir. "Electrified by an unstoppable impulse," reported those who were there, the crowd stood and heard for the first time the brand-new song, whose words existed only in French: "O Canada, terre de nos aïeux!"

In 1891 Lavallée died, penniless and forgotten, in Boston. His song, though, was steadily becoming a hit. Over the next twenty years, the song swept through Quebec, sung in churches and on all formal occasions; two thousand schoolchildren sang it to the Duke of Cornwall and York (later King George V), when he visited Quebec in 1901. The tune then spread east and west. Having no English words, people across Canada composed their own lyrics, and by the 1920s, English Canadians sang two hundred versions. Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, seeking an official English "O Canada" for the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation in 1927, asked his chief archivist to write Canadian Clubs from coast to coast. Such clubs were set up by young businessmen to foster patriotism, and King wanted "a copy of the text used by your club." The replies, as preserved at the National Library, show that the city of Stratford sang, "O Canada! Beloved country thou; Hope's holy wreath adorning thy young brow," while Toronto sang, "Lord of the lands! Beneath thy bending skies; On field and flood, where'er our banner flies." But more than half sung a version written in 1908 by yet another Quebecer, Montreal judge Robert Stanley Weir. Rather than translate the French, Judge Weir captured the spirit: "O Canada! Our home and native land." The federal government chose to publish Weir's song for the 1927 festivities, and it is the song English Canada sings, with minor modifications, today.

"O Canada" spread in World War II, and by the 1960s had won its place as the country's national song. But it was still not official. Finally, in the wake of the 1980 sovereignty referendum, the House of Commons showed a rare common purpose, and on June 27, 1980, voted unanimously to pass the National Anthem Act. Three days after its 100th birthday, "O Canada" finally became the nation's official anthem.

– Peter Kuitenbrouwer

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ARCHIVES

PAPER TRAIL

Map of matrimony

Travellers wishing to navigate the metaphorical territories of courtship and marriage should consider carrying this *Map of Matrimony*. The fictional atlas, believed to have been created in 1840, comes from an old autograph album and represents the lighthearted entries common to such a keepsake. Autograph albums of the time were generally for friends and family to express their appreciation for the album's owner or simply to share thoughts on life, love, and even death. In this case, the author thought he or she would use a page to have a little fun. Points on the map include such whimsies as the *Ocean of Admiration, Cape Despair, Mountains of Delay Inhabited by Lawyers*, and the *Strait of Flirtation*. One wonders what the weather's like in the *Isles of Jealousy*. Bitter, perhaps.

The album belonged to Olivia Dewey. Not much is known of her; she was born in Upper Canada, and in the 1861 Cramahe Township census, she's listed as being thirty-four years old and unmarried – living in the Land of Spinsters, if you will. The drawing itself is signed FWL (not shown here), but who this was and why he or she drew the quirky diagram no one knows. The bottom left corner of the page (also not shown) reads "Percy U.C.," which means Percy Township, Upper Canada. The album was found among the papers of a McTavish family living in Ontario, but Dewey's connection to them remains a mystery.

Our thanks to Anne Morton, Head of Public Programming at the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Archives of Manitoba, who provided the document and information.

BUILDING

The Loretto Convent

When two school buildings were bulldozed last year on "Catholic Hill," the highest point of land in Guelph, Ontario, the Loretto Convent, built between 1854 and 1857 as part of an ecclesiastical campus, was more clearly exposed to view. The convent, too, was scheduled for demolition, but the new vista so delighted many Guelphites, they rallied to save the two-thousand-square-metre structure from the wrecker's ball. Now expected to be renovated as an art gallery or museum, the Loretto Convent, built of locally quarried, amber-hued limestone, will remain what it has been: a distinctive example of both mid-nineteenth-century design and construction and late Victorian fancy. Originally three storeys and built in classical proportions, the convent later accrued the decorative embellishments beloved by Victorians: a Gothic stone chapel (1872) with pointed lancet windows, elaborate stone drip moulds (to keep rain from the window), and decorative sculptural shamrocks (the Loretto nuns, a teaching order, were Irish), and, in 1896, a mansard roof atop two additional storeys.

GIL STELTER

Guelph was founded in 1827 when Upper Canada was an Anglican preserve and Roman Catholics were denied basic civil rights. But its founder, land speculator John Galt, reserved the town's central hill for the Roman Catholic Church. It was a tribute to his friend Alexander Macdonell, Upper Canada's first Catholic bishop, who had given him crucial advice – and capital – during difficult negotiations with British. The first church, built in 1845, was supplanted in 1876 by the grander Church of Our Lady. Next door, the convent housed nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (the official name of the Loretto order), who organized the Catholic girls' school. But the work of the sisters was not confined to the Guelph Catholic community. As part of its cultural outreach, the nuns gave art and music lessons, drawing Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Among their students: Laura Lemon, composer of the World War I era favourite, "My Ain Folk" and modernist painter and designer Rolph Scarlett.

The oldest existing school building in Guelph, the Loretto Convent has sat empty since 1996 when the last nun passed away. With the decline in vocations, change was inevitable.

Take the day off

June 18: To mark the founding 400 years ago by Pierre du Gua de Monts and Samuel de Champlain of Port-Royal, on the north shore of the Annapolis Basin, considered by some historians as the first real permanent European settlement in North America. Put down roots.

June 21: To honour the appointment in 1957 of the first woman appointed to Canada's federal cabinet, Ellen Fairclough. Consider her most famous saying: "If a male member of Parliament says anything foolish it is forgotten the next day, but if a woman does it, it is repeated endlessly, right across the country."

July 18: To note the passage 100 years ago of the Dominion Act, which created the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Don't be too provincial.

Anna Hudson on

The Art of Inventing Canada

Do you remember writing about your summer vacation in grade school? I was mystified why my summer spent cramped in the back seat of a Pontiac travelling across endless stretches of highway mattered. I remember the Trans-Canada highway signs, especially the one that said it was a thousand miles to our next destination. How many pine trees, pit stops, and mosquito bites could it possibly take to make a country? So many families seemed to be on the same national circuit. I got to know a lot of campsite kids and brazen chipmunks. By the end of our trip, I had redefined Canada in terms of scale: i.e., extra large.

The daily drive through the vast landscape was relieved each night when campers drew closely around Parks Canada campfires. Where are you from? Where are you going? The campfire inspired us to trade stories about being Canadian. In the blazing and crackling light of the fire, we forged a sense of our collective selves. It was an exercise in understanding the reality of our country's multiple personalities. We could have called this campfire storytelling *Inventing Canada.*

~

Boom de de boom boom
Boom de de boom boom
Boom de de boom boom
Bo-o-o-m

Land of the Silver Birch remains a popular if amusing campfire song: "Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver, where still the mighty moose wanders at will. …My heart cries out for thee, hills of the north. …high on a rocky ledge I'll build my wigwam." But no allusion to "Indian-ness," no large amphibious broad-tailed rodent of the genus *castor* (even if the beaver appears on Roots™ bags), no moose nor caribou, no mounted policeman, no hockey player, no maple leaf, and not even the Queen of England (even if she appears on most of our currency), can replace our campfire tales for sheer binding power. The simple lyrics of *Land of the Silver Birch* and the familiar icons only remind us of our complex present, and our vulnerability as a country to fracture along many sociopolitical and cultural fault lines. Moreover, by virtue of our size, we are a country with permeable borders. Fortunately we have a head start on cultural diversity. We pride ourselves on a flexible or expandable concept of union. Canada, after all, was born as a pair of Siamese twins – one French, one English – compellingly described by the Canadian essayist and political philosopher John Ralston Saul. *Inventing Canada* (or what I did on my summer vacation) is, at its core, a national tradition.

COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST

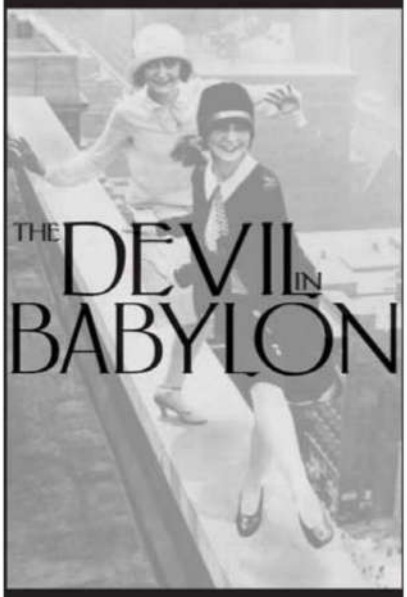
Jeff Thomas. *Indians On Tour: Place d'Armes*, Montreal 2001 chromogenic print

If Canadians have always known that Canada is a country conceived from cooperative relationships (however much in need of constant maintenance), why do such symbols of national identity as the moose and the beaver and the mounted policeman still clutter our visual culture?

National crises sometimes fuel simplification of Canada's multiple personalities and narrow our view of Canadian art. In World War II, Tom Thomson's 1917 painting The *West Wind* became a symbol of national tenacity and resilience. He and the Group of Seven, still Canada's most recognized artists, were canonized, culturally speaking, during the war at the height of an unprecedented explosion of political propaganda. Perhaps we should reimagine Tom for contemporary Canada as a camper who spun visual yarns and who continues to spark our collective imagination with his stories of camping in Algonquin Park. No wonder artist Joyce Wieland idolized him so.

Canada's centennial celebration further imposed simplification. In an effort to distance the country from both its old colonial master (Britain) and from its powerful neighbour (the United States), Expo '67 promoted a narrow notion of Canada suggested by the title of the world fair – Man and His World – a place where white, Western, and well-heeled values were paramount. But Expo was a last gasp for a Canadian identity that marginalized the voices of women, Quebecois, aboriginal peoples, and new Canadians, even while it celebrated world culture. Multiculturalism was in the air, and with it came a new concept of Canadian identity, the root of our contemporary ideals of plurality. Multiple interpretations of nation surged along-

RADICAL HISTORY



THE DEVIL IN BABYLON

FEAR OF PROGRESS AND THE BIRTH OF MODERN LIFE

ALLAN LEVINE

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side static symbols of citizenship.

In 1970–71, Joyce Wieland took one of those static symbols, the Canadian flag, and in *Flag Arrangement* reinterpreted it from a woman's point of view, hiring Nova Scotia knitter Valerie McMillan to knit four Canadian flags in cream and glowing red wool. The colours are classic Wieland – distinctly feminine and sensual – and the knitting beautifully demonstrates three basic stitches – stocking, ribbed, and box. Wieland's variation on a theme is a provocative invitation to revise our understanding of Canada in accordance with the knitter's hand, the weight of the wool, the variation in texture, and our inevitable association of wool to warmth, protection, and intimacy – and our favourite sweater or cardigan. Arguably as iconic as *The West Wind, Flag Arrangement* clearly addresses an anxious ideal of Canadian national identity welded along fault lines of race, gender, and class.

Joyce Wieland *Flag Arrangement*, 1970–1971

A generation after Wieland's visual metaphor of a nation carefully knitted together, we continue to drop the aboriginal stitch. In other words, the storytelling we embrace around a campfire remains separate from the First Nations council fire. Jeff Thomas, an Iroquois/Onondaga photographer and curator, feels the constant need to remind nonaboriginal Canadians that a "vanishing race" of First Nations, popularized during the nineteenth century, didn't vanish. Thomas points out, "Aboriginal people are still here today."

In *Indians on Tour: Place d'Armes, Montreal*, one of an ongoing series of chromogenic prints he has been producing since 2001, Thomas sets plastic representations of "Indianness" – figures from our childhood (or colonial past) – against the backdrop of our contemporary present. By placing such figures in Place D'Armes, which marks the spot where European settlers, as the monument inscription reads, "defeated Iroquois warriors in bloody hand-to-hand fighting," Thomas reminds us of our responsibility to listen to the voices of the oppressed. The story of Canada grows increasingly complex according to the inflection of the speaker's voice. The campfire around which we speak can only burn in the oxygen-rich air of an open gathering.

Inventing Canada suggests an alternative to any generalized account or superficial representation of Canadianness. "Canada is a land of multiple borderlines," wrote Marshall McLuhan, "psychic, social, and geographic." The sentiment is echoed in *Green Grass, Running Water*, Thomas King's 1993 novel. In it, King criticizes Northrop Frye and his singular vision of the country, whose voice is heard through the character Dr. Joe Hovaugh (Jehova). Nevertheless, Frye believed culture is communication, a view with which King's narrator concurs: "There are no truths … only stories."

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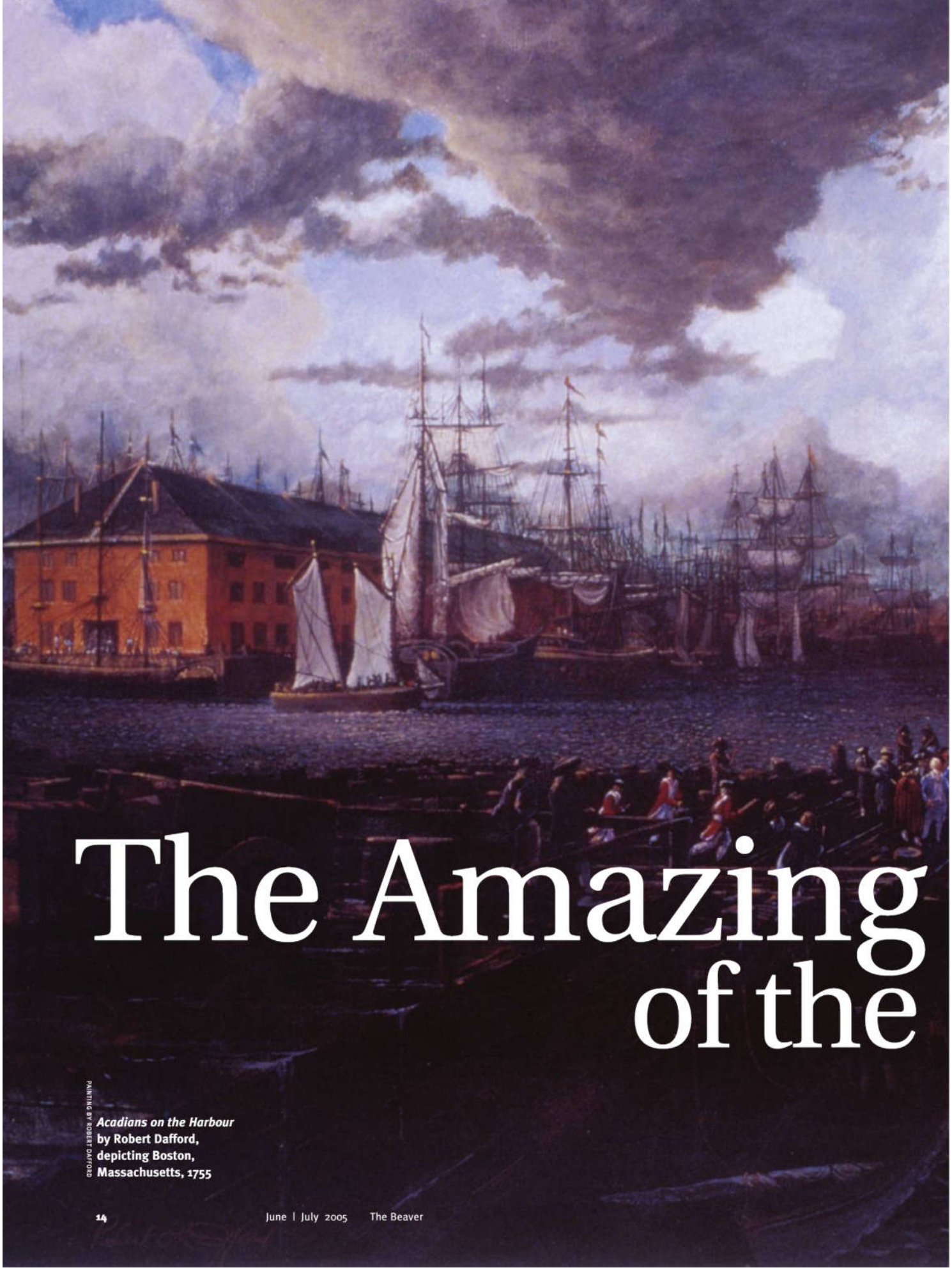
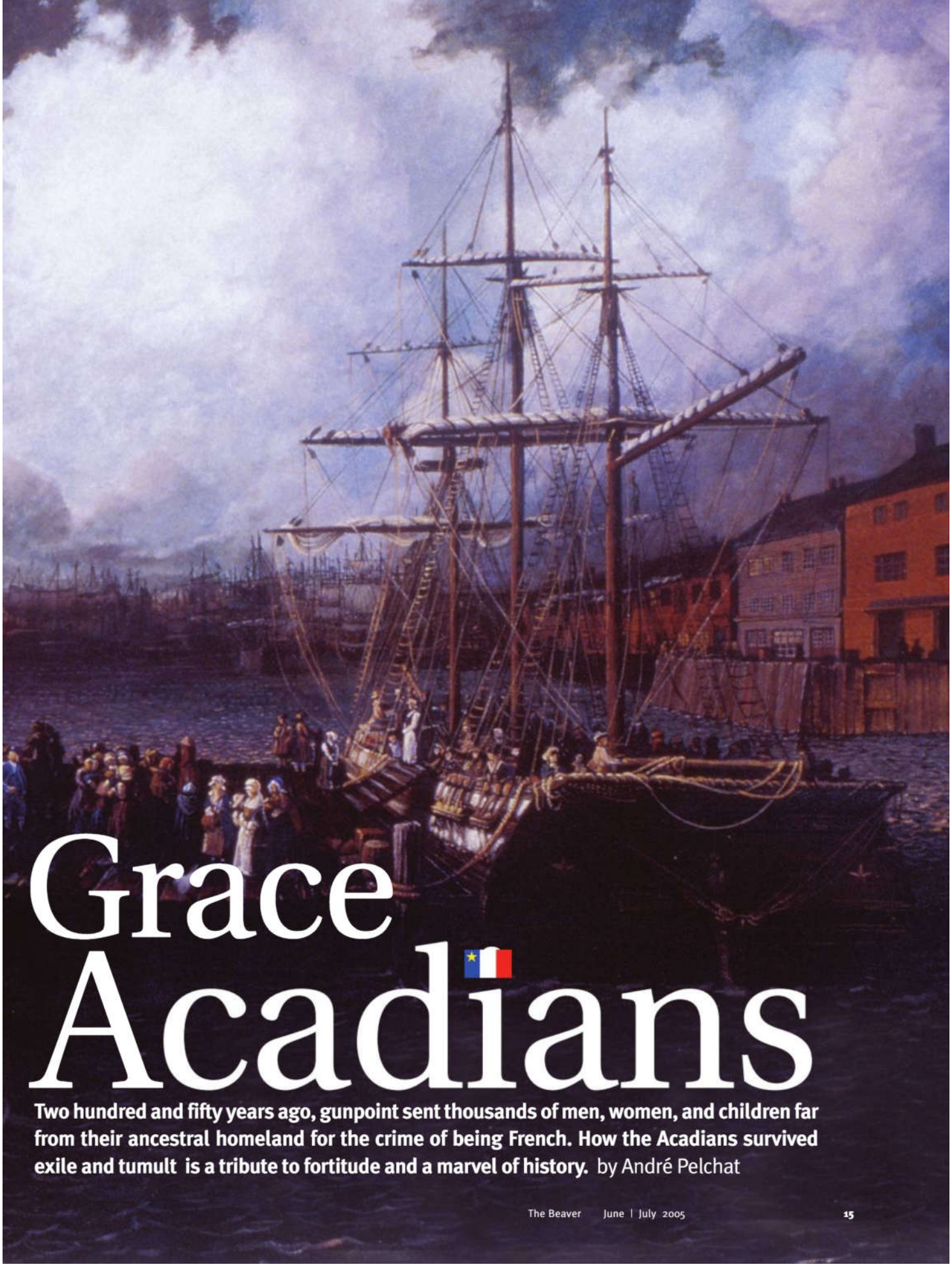


The Amazing of the

PAINTING BY ROBERT DAFFORD

Acadians on the Harbour by Robert Dafford, depicting Boston, Massachusetts, 1755



Grace Acadians

Two hundred and fifty years ago, gunpoint sent thousands of men, women, and children far from their ancestral homeland for the crime of being French. How the Acadians survived exile and tumult is a tribute to fortitude and a marvel of history. by André Pelchat

Two hundred and fifty years ago this June, the fate of the Acadians, the French-speaking people of the Maritime Provinces, was sealed. Britain sent 1,800 soldiers from New England to invade the disputed Isthmus of Chignecto, the neck of land that connects present-day Nova Scotia with New Brunswick, and seize Fort Beauséjour from troops sent from Quebec to reinforce French claims to the area. About three hundred Acadians, farmers of the vicinity, were found in the fort, some of whom had taken arms against the British.

For Charles Lawrence, governor of Nova Scotia, this evidence of Acadian duplicity was all the ammunition he needed. Appointed the year before, he was the latest in a line of British administrators uncertain about the loyalty of the Acadians, descendants of French settlers who, after 150 years in the New World, had molded themselves into a distinct people. Proud and independent, the Acadians stubbornly insisted on their neutrality in times of war, but with England and France once again arming for conflict, Lawrence decided to settle the matter. Festering since the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht, which ceded Acadia to the British, had been the issue of the Acadians formally swearing an oath of allegiance to the Crown. The Acadians, who had seen their colony change hands ten times between their arrival in 1604 and 1710, balked. They had no reason to believe the latest regime change would be permanent. Swearing unconditional allegiance to the British Crown would force them to fight the French, but being French-speaking wouldn't protect them from reprisals by the French or their Micmac allies. In Halifax, representatives of the Acadian community petitioned Lawrence. But the die was cast. Unknown to the Acadians, Lawrence had expressed his intent in a letter to London:

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EXILE OF THE ACADIANS FROM GRAND PRE.

> I will propose to them the Oath of Allegiance a last time. If they refuse, we will have in that refusal a pretext for the expulsion. If they accept, I will refuse them the Oath, by applying to them the decree which prohibits from taking the Oath all persons who have once refused to take it. In both cases I shall deport them.

Under intense pressure, the Acadians decided to accept the oath of allegiance, but it was too late. Lawrence made good his word. He ordered the commanders of the British forts at Beaubassin, Pisiquid, and Annapolis to lure the local Acadian males to their respective seaports and then arrest and detain them until ships arrived to carry them away. (The detention of the male hostages would ensure that the women and children would not try to escape.) He then ordered the confiscation of all Acadian property, the destruction of Acadian homes and boats, and, finally, the ruin of the crops to starve off all those who could have run away in the woods.

The *Grand Dérangement* – the Great Expulsion – what Louisiana historian Carl Brasseaux has described as "one of the first classical episodes of ethnic cleansing" – had begun.

The expulsion of the Acadians was a direct consequence of the colonial wars. For almost a century, France and England had been battling for domination of the New World, and the Acadians were often caught in the middle and frequently victimized by both sides. An adventurer from Virginia, Samuel Argall, led destructive attacks against the Acadians, burning their farms in 1611. In 1696, French adventurer Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville and his war party destroyed the Acadians' irrigation systems in an effort to undermine Acadia as an economic asset during a period of British control. In 1713, with the Treaty of Utrecht, Acadia passed definitively into the hands of the English. But the Acadians continued their attempts to remain neutral, and when British authorities demanded repeatedly that they swear unconditional allegiance to the British Crown, they refused.

Meanwhile, from 1713 to 1755, the French-speaking population in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick exploded. Fewer than 4,000 at the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, they were more than 15,000 by the time Charles Lawrence arrived in Halifax. France had retained Île Royale (Cape Breton Island) and Île Saint-Jean (Prince Edward Island) by the terms of the treaty, but few Acadians chose to leave their prosperous farms on the mainland. In these years, too, settlers from New England poured into Nova Scotia. Tensions grew. The new English-speaking settlers resented the majority Acadians, who they believed owned the best lands and who, because they were French-speaking Catholics, dissuaded Great Britain from granting its new colony an Assembly.

Then, in 1754, French forces defeated the English at Fort Duquesne in Pennsylvania's Ohio Valley, heralding the beginning of what would become the Seven Years' War. At first, the French had the upper hand, and a wave of panic swept through the British colonies. In Nova Scotia, the English feared a combined attack from Quebec and from the French fortress of Louisbourg on Île Royale. To British authorities, the dubious loyalty of the Acadians was a problem that needed swift resolve. Nova Scotia governor Lawrence and Massachusetts governor William Shirley decided that the only way to deal with the Acadians was to get rid of them – to physically remove them from the colony.

1755

The Great Expulsion of Acadians begins.

1763

Under Louis XV, France cedes its North American territories to England.

1764

British authorities permit Acadians to return to the Maritimes.

1765

Acadians deported to France resettle in Louisiana.

2003

Canada's Parliament adopts a Royal Proclamation acknowledging the wrongs suffered by Acadians during the Great Expulsion.

In a September 10, 1755, letter, New England officer John Winslow, charged with the forcible removal of young Acadian men at Grand Pré that month, described the scene:

> Order ye Prisoners to March. They all answered they would not go without their fathers. I told them that was a word I did not understand for that the King's Command was to be absolute and should be absolutely obeyed, and that I did not love to use harsh means, but that the time did not admit of parleys or delays, and then ordered the whole troops to fix their bayonets and advance towards the French. I bid the four right-hand files of the prisoners, consisting of twenty-four men, which I told off myself to divide from the rest, one of whom I took hold on (who opposed the marching) and bid march. He obeyed and the rest followed, though slowly, and went off praying, singing, and crying, being met by the women and children all the way.

Some young men tried to run away. In another letter, containing rare evidence that British soldiers shot people during the expulsion, Winslow writes: "Kil'd one & I believe one other as he has not been heard of."

One month later, women, children, the elderly, and those who were ill or sick followed. By 1760, about six thousand Acadians had been deported. Those who escaped British authorities fled to nearby French-held territories, but as the British troops advanced toward victory, they were frequently captured and deported as well. The winter of 1755 forced many in the Annapolis Royal area to surrender. In 1758, those who had built new settlements along the Gaspé coasts saw their makeshift homes destroyed by British General James Wolfe's troops. Fugitive Acadians continued to dwell around Chaleur Bay, but in 1761, 335 of them were captured and jailed in Nova Scotia.

The deportees were scattered among the thirteen colonies along the eastern seaboard. But the homeless Acadians weren't welcome. Virginia refused to accept the 1,500 who arrived there and sent them to England where they were kept in detention centres. Georgia's governor rejected the Acadians too, but 400 were left there just the same. Ignored by authorities, they managed to secure ten boats with which they tried to escape, but were eventually captured. In South Carolina, where the

GETTY PICTURES

rabidly anti-Catholic descendants of exiled French Protestants formed a large part of the population, the Acadians were forced to stay aboard their overcrowded transport ships for a month. After deliberation, the colonial authorities decided to expel them. Many reached the Saint John River where they joined Charles Deschamps de Boishébert's guerrilla groups, fighting British attempts to establish themselves on New Brunswick's Bay of Fundy coast.

In both Georgia and South Carolina, many Acadians became indentured farm labourers. In Maryland, they were scattered among the different counties. Native Catholics were enjoined from assisting them. At least one group of Acadians had to live outside, without shelter, in the frozen countryside for several days. They managed to find menial work in spite of regulations restricting their freedom of movement; those who couldn't find employment were jailed. On Maryland's western border, troops were ordered to shoot Acadians on sight. In Pennsylvania, the exiled were put under the responsibility of the counties' wardens of the poor. Employers there usually refused to hire them. New Jersey refused to accept any Acadians. New York distributed them in counties farthest from French Canada and indentured them to Anglo-American settlers. In Connecticut, similar measures were taken, and the Acadians' freedom of movement was severely limited. In Massachusetts, ship captains were forbidden to hire them, and children were frequently hired to farmers, forced to live away from their parents.

Adding to the devastation, epidemics (mainly smallpox) frequently broke out among the exiled. About 27 percent of the Acadians deported to Maryland died this way. Of 300 prisoners in England's Bristol prison, 184 succumbed. Others died of deprivation or fighting against the British. An estimated 7,500 to 9,000 Acadians died either during deportation or trying to escape it.

Acadian populations in Île Royale and the Saint John River valley were also deported in the wake of British conquest. Waves of refugees arrived at Gaspé and the St. Lawrence valley. Crowded around forts, many starved. At Île Saint-Jean, some Acadians escaped deportation by hiding in the woods, but their land titles were abolished and they became tenants of absentee British owners.

The fall of Montreal in 1760 did not settle the matter. An article of capitulation, assuring the French and Canadiens that they would not be prosecuted for having taken arms against the British, specifically excluded the Acadians. Until 1763, when the Treaty of Paris ended the Seven Years' War, the Acadian population in the former French colonies lived in hiding from the authorities. It wouldn't be until 1766, when the first civil governor of Quebec, James Murray, allowed a group of Acadians from New England to settle in Quebec, that Acadians were permitted treatment equal to the Canadiens.

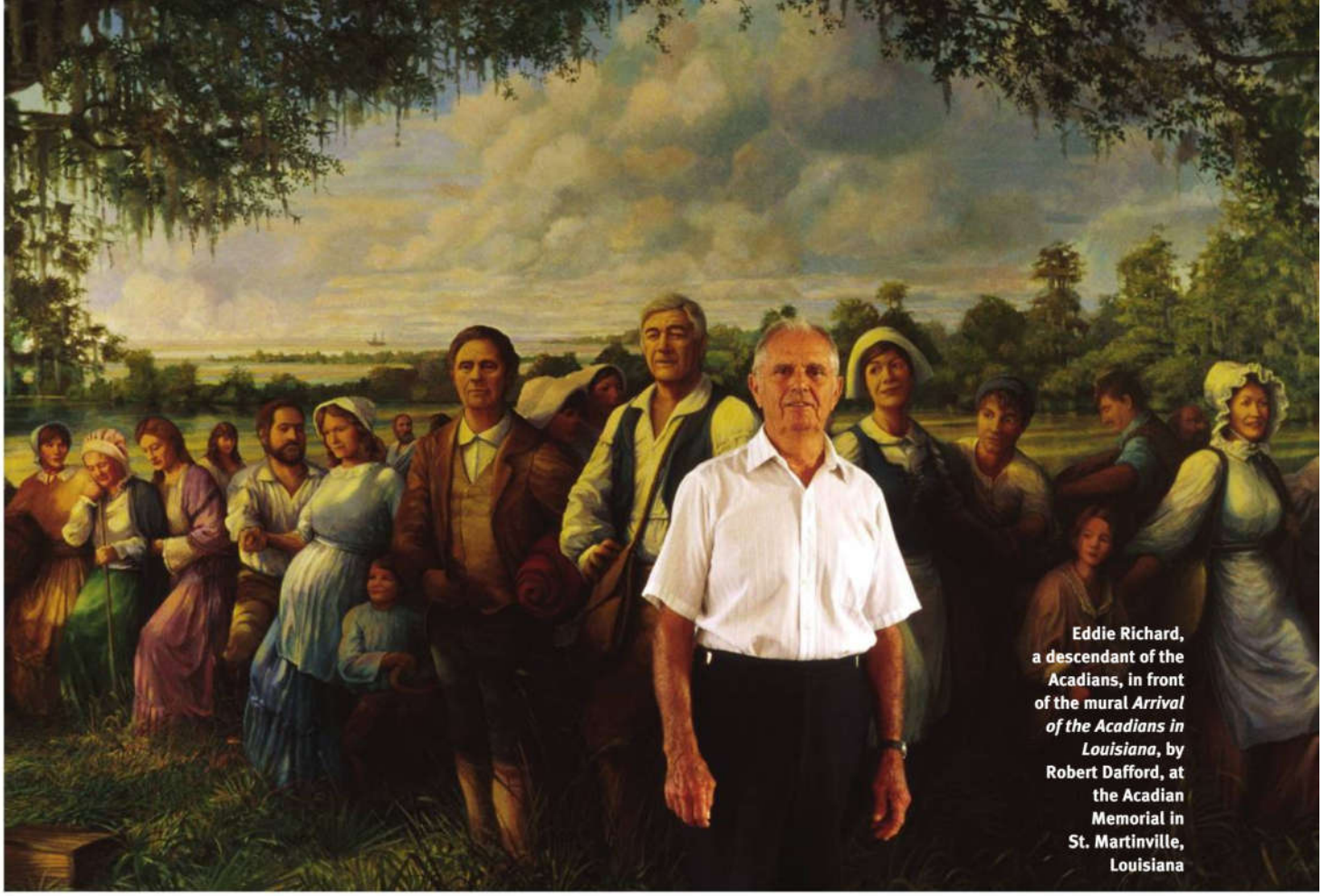
At the end of the war, the dispersed Acadians tried to regroup, many looking for a brother, a sister, sometimes a wife or children lost in the dispersion. Released from British jails and colonies, many gathered in the northern area of what is now New Brunswick, where they settled on vacant lands. They were called *squatters*, and until 1830, long after the colony of New Brunswick was established, they were legally and effectively deprived of political rights. In Quebec, many settled in Gaspé around Chaleur Bay, as well as on the north coast, on the Îles de la Madeleine, and on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, in Beauce, Bécancour, and other areas. After 1765, many gathered in the colony of Louisiana, not knowing that the French king had ceded it to his Spanish cousin through a secret treaty in 1762. They were, however, welcomed by the authorities who desperately needed settlers, especially Catholic ones. Smaller groups eventually settled near their former homes in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

The roads that led these groups to their new homes were in no way straight. Many came from France, the destination of about three thousand who had been captured on Île Saint-Jean. Another group, taken by raiding ships, had lived in England. Many of those who ended up in Louisiana had gone through Saint Domingue (now Haiti), Martinique, and other

GAILLARDE RAPHAEL/GAMMA/PONOPRESSE

A people prevail

Today, in the Maritime provinces, which incorporate the traditional boundaries of Acadie, there are about 300,000 Acadians, people who claim French as their first language. Of these, 250,000 live in New Brunswick, Canada's Acadian stronghold, the country's only officially bilingual province. In Quebec, the 5,000 refugees who poured into the province largely between 1763 and 1775 and mixed with the 70,000 Canadiens may have as many as one million descendants today. Elsewhere, there are an estimated 200,000 Acadian descendants in Ontario and a further 400,000 in the northeastern United States. The largest population claiming Acadian descent, however, lives in Louisiana. Cajuns, some with Spanish or German descent who amalgamated with the Acadian community after deportation, number almost a million people. Above are modern-day Cajun fishermen in Louisiana.



Eddie Richard, a descendant of the Acadians, in front of the mural *Arrival of the Acadians in Louisiana*, by Robert Dafford, at the Acadian Memorial in St. Martinville, Louisiana

GAILLARDE RAPHAEL/GAMMA/PONOPRESSE

Exile and deportation ultimately failed to destroy the Acadians. Like other people in history with a strong sense of their own distinct identity, they were able to survive and endure.

French-held Caribbean islands. But not all found peace at their final destinations. Hundreds who had found refuge in France died in a disastrous settlement attempt in French Guiana in 1764. Others were sent to settle in the Falkland Islands, which in 1766 were transferred to Spain.

Particularly harrowing was the fate of those who had settled in the French Atlantic Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. In 1778, in retaliation for French support of the American rebels during the Revolutionary War, the British invaded and again deported the Acadians. Those who returned were expelled once more in 1793, during Britain's war against revolutionary France.

But exile and deportation ultimately failed to destroy the Acadians. Like other people in history with a strong sense of their own distinct identity, they were able to survive and endure, establishing new communities in their old homeland. In the nineteenth century, the Acadian established a national day (August 15), a national flag, a national anthem, and a college. Longfellow's popular 1847 poem *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*, a romantic tale of two Acadian lovers separated by the deportation, created an Acadian patron saint, famous beyond the borders of Acadie. In the twentieth century, the founding of a university, world Acadian congresses, and increasing control over education have guaranteed the durability of Acadian culture. Today, the number of Acadians worldwide is estimated to be between 700,000 and 1.5 million. Many Quebeckers are not aware of their Acadian origin. I discovered mine only a few years ago.

André Pelchat is a writer and community worker living in L'Avenir, Quebec.

Et Cetera

The Acadians: A People's Story of Exile and Triumph **by Dean Jobb. John Wiley & Sons Canada, Mississauga, 2005.**

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A Land of Discord Always: Acadia From Its Beginnings to the Expulsion of Its People, 1604–1755 **by Charles D. Mahaffie, Jr. Nimbus Publishing, Halifax, 2003.**

An Unsettled Conquest: The British Campaign Against the Peoples of Acadia **by Geoffrey Plank. University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadephia, 2001.**

Two sisters holding shuttles for weaving, circa 1890.

NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES, MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY, MONTREAL

Life Below Stairs

It's the second-oldest profession in the world. Until recently, a society without them was inconceivable. Yet they are one of the most invisible and silent groups of people in Canadian history: the servants. The maid, the butler, the cook, the footman, the coachman, the groom, the nurse, the laundress: most of them were either illiterate or too busy to have left a record of their lives. The literati hardly mentioned them. They were part of the furniture. In fact, artists lavished more attention on the furniture. By Louisa Blair

Quebec City's population in 1818 was about 18,500. One-fifth of households had live-in servants, about half of whom were men and half women. Four per cent of households had a whole staff of servants; the rest had only had one servant, who was usually female.

The city's approximately fourteen hundred servants were unevenly distributed, but a mid-nineteenth-century memoir conjures up a vivid picture of their ubiquity on one street: when Julie Joly's brothers set some grass alight on the Citadel Hill, "the next moment maids in their caps and aprons ran out of the houses with pails of water. Narcisse and Beau-Charles and all the [other] neighbourhood men-servants came too."

The city was a motley collection of cultures and epochs rolled into one. It still bore many cultural traces of life in France and Britain of earlier centuries, especially in the workings of families and social relationships, but it was the humming capital of the nation and home to hundreds of rowdy British officers. It was also a rising industrial culture: down at the port, timber was being loaded for export, ships were being built, and immigrants were arriving looking for work. There were fortunes to be made by some, and sought by others. The most vulnerable – immigrants, the poor, orphans, and illegitimate children – ended up as servants.

Two men who bore the same name in the same town in the same year give us glimpses of two very

different worlds with which a servant's fate might be bound up. In 1818, Sir James Craig, governor of the colony, drew up a guest list of the most important people in the city and threw a garden party. After breakfast under the trees, "King Craig" strode out of his mansion, "followed by a brilliant staff" and an orchestra, whereupon the dancing began. It was interrupted briefly by the arrival of the Anglican bishop Jacob Mountain and the Roman Catholic bishop Joseph-Octave Plessis, but resumed as soon as they left. Then followed a sumptuous feast prepared by the French cook, Monsieur Petit. The servants worked their fingers to the bone to lay this on, but the next day Sir James Craig threw another party, this time exclusively for his servants and their friends.

Two months later, another James Craig, a widower and "outlaw," lost his ten-year-old child, Sarah, to the state. This was before there were orphanages or poorhouses in the city, so three justices of the peace indentured her as a servant to Thomas and Mary Richards, chandlers. The terms of her indenture specified that she must do everything they commanded her "according to her power, wit and ability," and "honestly and obediently in all things ... behave herself." In return, she was to be provided with "sufficient meat, drink, apparel, washing, lodging and all other things needful or meet for a servant." At the age of eighteen or when she married, which ever came first, the Richards were to give her three pounds.

Serving tea, circa 1888.

NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES, MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY, MONTREAL

Many of Quebec's servants were children. Our jaw drops open, our hands fly to our foreheads in horror. But it was an era in which childhood, servanthood, and apprenticeship were all blurred together.

Ties of affection between parent and child were subordinated to practicalities. Farming out children as servants and apprentices to other families was for many children the only education they would get, and in Sarah Craig's case, the only way to assure her survival. She would not have gone to school, but may have learned to make candles and support herself, and she would likely have been brought up as one of the family.

Not long before, in Europe, servants and children were almost interchangeable. The 1549 *Book of Common Prayer* enjoins heads of households to supervise the religious instruction of all children in the house – "children, servants and apprentices" – on similar footing. In France, the word *garçon* could mean either boy or servant (the term is still used to summon a waiter), and waiting at table was not at all demeaning: it was an essential part of the education of a son of the nobility.

While this equality would seem to demean an adult servant, masters and servants were tied by ancient customary bonds of responsibility and fidelity that went beyond legal contracts, as Sir James Craig's party indicates. In Quebec many servants were hired without contract, suggesting that the relationship was still governed largely by consensus. Some children's contracts hint at this customary relationship: masters were to act as responsible parents. Some contracts specify that the child should be prepared for first communion and learn to read and write.

Customary relationships did not exclude cunning or brutality, however. Contract or no, the servant was almost totally dependent, for better or for worse, on his or her employer. Another child servant in Quebec, Marie Woltz, eleven, was hired by Jacques-Nicolas Perrault in Rivière Ouelle. She was clearly not happy, and kept running away home to Quebec. Perrault took her father, a German immigrant carpenter, to court, complaining that he had repeatedly "excited his daughter to leave." Her father countered that there was no written contract, and that Marie had run away because Perrault had ill-treated her.

Servants took their masters to court, too: Jean-Baptiste Hamel charged George Miller, the baker, in 1803, for refusing to "give him regular breakfast and dinner as your articled servant and to pay him his wages." Sarah Spratley charged Doctor Cockburn "for having ill-treated her yesterday and this day ... and for having refused to deliver up her clothes and pay [twelve shillings, six pence] in wages due." She wasted no time: her complaint was heard that very day.

Taking an employer to court was a risky business, though, unless one had a watertight (and preferably literate) alibi. A good reference was an important prerequisite to future employment. Surviving one week without work could cost the equivalent of four months' savings.

Not surprisingly then, by far the most cases that came to court were brought by employers against their servants: for theft, drunkenness, assault, and desertion. The drama of the moment leaps from the crumbling page. John Mullony recounts vividly how he saw fellow-servant François Chaussé running past the window carrying four turkeys. Letitia Gallagher is said to have taken off with a green silk pelisse and a black beaver bonnet. Helen Grady skedaddled with half of a fish belonging to Captain Markham.

For adults, the legal contracts mostly worked in favour of the employer: an 1816 contract specifies that a servant must keep his master's secrets, must not play cards or dice, or go to taverns or alehouses. These crimes could cost him two months hard labour or ten pounds. Just to be sure, legislation in Lower Canada forbade taverns from serving servants anyway.

Servants' lives are often portrayed in the context of large households, such as the vast stately homes in which numerous British films (*Gosford Park*) and TV dramas (*Upstairs Downstairs*) are set. Most accounts about servants in Quebec, too, were recorded by members of well-to-do families with large staffs. Here the relationship was likely to be the more customary one of fidelity-responsibility; servants might stay for their whole lives and be taken care of in old age. Tasks were shared out among the staff, and there was companionship. But this was a situation that most servants only dreamed of.

The majority worked on a monthly basis as the lone servant for the grocer, the miller, the butcher, or the tailor. Their quarters were cramped; their life was arduous, lonely, and restrictive. Working for fifteen to eighteen hours per day was the norm, and they had to do everything themselves.

There was wood to carry, fires to lay, water to haul, chamber pots to empty, children to care for, meals to prepare, pots to scour, silver to clean, clothes to wash, iron, and starch, candles to light and replace. Men servants usually did the outside work, shovelling manure and snow, carrying wood, tending and driving the animals, in addition to serving at table. Before plumbing, all the water had to be carried up and down several steps of stairs, and the temptation was great to throw waste water out of the window. "This will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night," advises Jonathan Swift in his satire *Directions to Servants*, "to see a hundred people falling on their noses or back-sides before your door, when the water is frozen." Another option was to throw it at your master, as Mary Moran did at her employer, the tailor James McEvoy, in Quebec in 1831.

Why did she throw dirty water at him? We will never know, but servants were vulnerable to seduction or rape. In *Physiologie du mariage* Balzac writes blithely of the inevitability of this:

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Montreal menservants, 1868.

[Servants'] quarters were cramped; their life was ardous, lonely, and restrictive. Working for fifteen to eighteen hours per day was the norm.

After ten years of marriage, finding a young girl of sixteen or seventeen under your roof and your eyes at every moment of the day, fresh and flirtatious, whose beauties beckon, whose candour is irresistibly attractive. ... how can a man remain cold before such powerful sorcery, be courageous enough to remain faithful to the estimable principles represented by a disdainful wife with a severe face, prickly manner, and who most of the time refuses to make love?

The average age of servants in 1818 was twenty-three. Most young women saw it as a stopgap before getting married, and some managed to save a little. Irish servants, however, who arrived in greater numbers in the 1840s, were criticized for being unable to save.

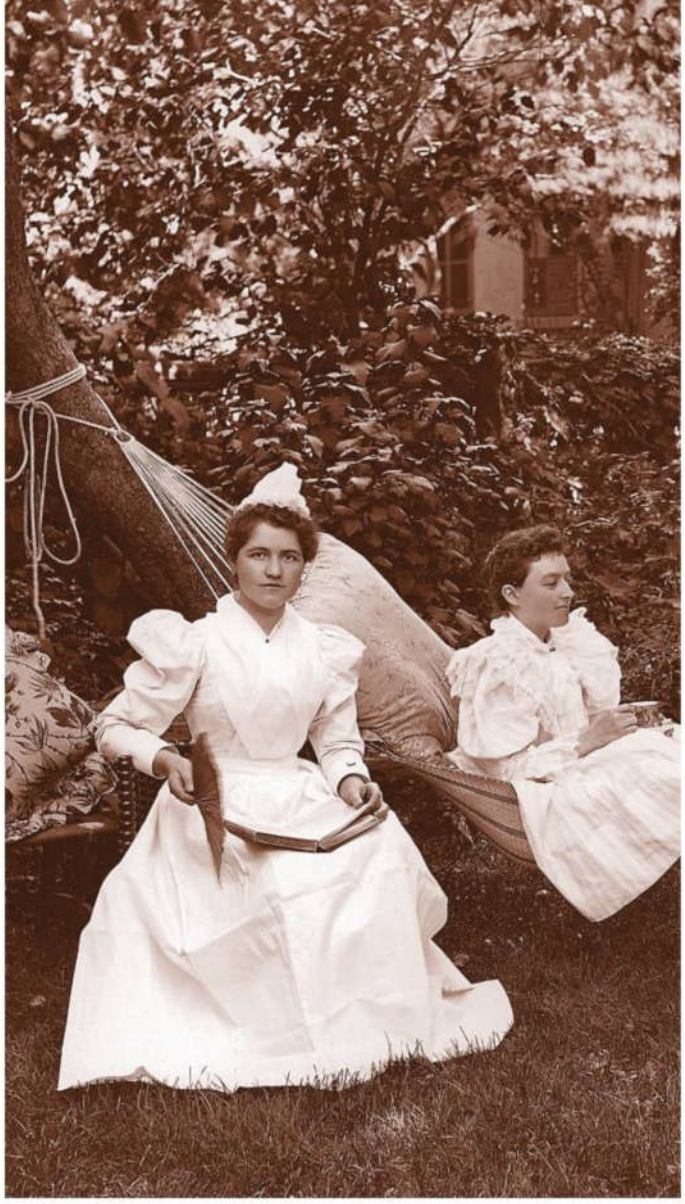
"They are naturally improvident, over-sanguine, and reckless of consequences," opines the writer of one nineteenth-century housekeeping manual. "It is almost impossible to persuade them to lay aside any part of their wages. Their money is spent as soon as pay-day comes around, either for dress, wedding frolics, 'wakes,' or to help some of the interminable list of brothers, sisters or cousins out to this country."

The money Irish servants sent back to their families to bring them to Quebec was a matter of life and death. Their brothers down in the port, the ship labourers, were so poor that when someone was killed on the job (a not uncommon occurrence), they had to pass a hat around to collect enough money to buy a candle for the wake.

Meeting your life partner while working as a live-in servant was no easy matter. The market square was the only hope. Servants were not to receive visitors "in the house or in the stable," as one contract details, or allowed to leave the house without permission. Employers were quick on the draw: in 1815, Fred Grant's servant Jean Plamondon left work at 1 P.M. and did not return until 6 A.M. Later that morning he was already in court.

Frequent visits to the cellar tempted some servants to partake of a little of the master's wine. Jonathan Swift gives butlers pages of advice about this. "There is an honest perquisite," he writes gleefully, "by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine ... you are not to suppose the gentlefolks will value the remainder of a bottle; therefore always set a fresh one before them after dinner."

Servants male and female were arraigned repeatedly for drunkenness before justices of the peace. The Joly's butler, Beau-Charles, regularly indulged in a *petit coup*, his drop of whisky. "As he did his work in the pantry he would sing beautiful sad songs and tears would roll down his cheek. At first the singing was soft but as the petit coup took effect it became louder and louder." Then Constable O'Rourke would be called. But Beau-Charles was never dismissed.



"When he returned he always brought with him a big cake with white icing on which was written in pink sugar letters the single word, 'Pardon'... and Beau-Charles was once more forgiven."

Coachmen had the excellent excuse of needing to water their horses, most conveniently accomplished at a tavern. The Quebec Provincial Women's Christian Temperance Union took the matter into their own hands by erecting a horse trough at their own expense, still a favourite watering spot for Quebec's caleche horses.

"The supreme lord of the universe has, in his wisdom, rendered the various conditions of mankind necessary to our individual happiness: some are rich, others poor – some are masters, and others servants," wrote Samuel and Sarah Adams in *The Complete Servant* in 1825.

With their drinking and throwing dirty water around, servants in Quebec clearly had a healthy and contagious

Serving tea to Mrs. McKay in Montreal

NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES, MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY, MONTREAL

AND FONDS MARCELLA BUREAU / CPA 7611n N86-0170

Champlain Market, Quebec. Because servants were restricted in their activities within the households in which they worked, they often found the local market square the best place to meet romantic partners.

"Never wash flannels in cloudy weather"

From *All around the house, or, How to make homes happy* by Mrs. H. W. Beecher (1813–1897) published by J. Robertson, Toronto, 1881.

Carpet care The corners and edges of carpets need frequent examination. See the that the chambermaid is provided with – and uses faithfully – a stiff whisk broom ... and a pointed stick to clean out the lint and dirt which naturally tend to accumulate in corners, and if allowed to remain, will soon become hiding-places for moths.

Mattress Care Mattrasses [*sic*] should be bent over like a bow every morning, resting on each end, and the windows raised, even on the coldest days, that pure, fresh air may circulate through and around them. Slops can be emptied, and articles scattered about the chambers gathered up, while they are airing. ... Once a week ... [mattresses] need to be well beaten with a stick, or better still, with a carpet whip – a number of braided or twisted rattans fastened in a handle. ... After being well beaten, the mattrass should be carefully brushed all around the tuftings with a pointed brush, such as is also used to clean any tufted or buttoned furniture.

Flannel Care White flannel may be kept soft and without shrinking if properly washed. Put sufficient soap into boiling water to make strong suds, and then put in the flannels, pressing them down under the water with the clothes-stick. When so cool that one can bear the hands in the suds, rub the articles carefully, and when well cleansed wring with the hands. If you put flannels or blankets through the wringer the nap rolls up into hard knobs, and makes the flannel harsh and unpleasant to the touch. Wring as dry as possible, snap out, stretch and pull each piece as it is wrung, so as to keep the original size, and this done throw them into another tub of boiling water, into which some French blueing has been thoroughly stirred. If the first suds is strong enough the flannels will retain sufficient soap for the rinsing water. Shake them up and down in this last water with the clothes-stick till well rinsed and cool enough for the hands. Then wring once more quickly, snap well and pull into shape, on a good bright day, and with a brisk wind if possible.

It is well to wash but one piece at a time. Put it into the second tub, and place the first suds over the fire to keep boiling hot, until ready to wash the second. Keep the rinsing water hot in the same way while washing the second article.

When the flannels are about two-thirds dry bring them in. Snap and pull again, fold as true and evenly as possible, and roll up hard in a clean towel for a little while, and then iron, or press until dry. Never wash flannels in cloudy or stormy weather.

disrespect for this divinely ordered hierarchy. They were often accused of "forgetting their station." As early as 1786 Chief Justice William Smith wrote to his wife,

> I have not seen the house recommended for our mansion here – but however lodged, you will want a housekeeper and cook in one character, and a female hair-dresser, with under-drudges and two menservants … If you cannot find them at New York, let Mrs. Mallet have directions to send them out to me with your furniture, and direct her to contract firmly with them under the eye of Mr. Rashleigh or Mr. Watson; for … the European poor find so many of their own condition, as to forget their stations and engagements.

A shortage of servants meant that those who had immigrated from class-bound Europe, even the "under-drudges," had opportunities to change their social status in Quebec's heady mixture of cultures and shifting hierarchies.

This mobility was the subject of many a servant joke passed down through my Quebec City family, such as "She was a good cook, as cooks go, and as cooks go, she went!" Servants' contracts binding them to their employers did not seem to dissuade them from leaving: it was one of the few cards in their hand. By far the most common appearance that servants made in the lower court of the District of Quebec in the early nineteenth century was on charges of desertion.

Another of my great-grandmother's favourite jokes also concerned social status: "*Elle a des idées au-dessus de sa gare!*" (She has ideas above her station!)

The Franglais character of this joke reflects the fact that the world of servants and their employers in Quebec was often a bilingual one: English-speaking families had French-speaking servants, and vice versa. The children of the household, who often spent more time with the servants than with their own parents, grew up speaking their own language with the accents and eloquence of higher education, and the other language, learned from the servants, with a strong regional accent and vocabulary.

The household may have been bilingual, but as the nineteenth century progressed, class lines were increasingly severely drawn, as illustrated by the architectural evolution of Quebec's large houses. Servants' quarters were next to the kitchen or in the attic. There were special back entrances, narrow staircases leading up from the basement kitchen, and corridors for passing from room to room without disturbing anyone. The dumb waiter, a little elevator that brought meals up from the kitchen, was ironically named: a silent and invisible waiter was the ideal servant. Servants must know their place, and woe betide anyone who confused the social roles. When my mother announced she was calling her youngest child "Sarah," my great-grandmother protested. "You can't call the child Sarah!" she cried. "That's a cook's name!"

The dumb waiter, a little elevator that brought meals up from the kitchen, was ironically named: a silent and invisible waiter was the ideal servant.

As the nineteenth century drew on, servants' work got harder. A new fashion for dining late meant servants had to stay up later. The Victorian equation of cleanliness with godliness was a nightmare: yet more water to be hauled up and down the stairs, and more laundry. Homemaking turned into an academic discipline known as "domestic science," and servants now had to undergo training that went into fierce detail about their duties. Fewer servants were now apprentices: they were less likely to learn to make candles and more involved in the arcanely complex maintenance of the home. Many young women opted to work in the new factories instead, where there was more freedom and less isolation.

Wealthy women began to devote their lives to charitable organizations, leaving more work for the servants at home. In Quebec, Protestant women founded orphanages and homes for immigrant girls where they taught them domestic science: they could now supervise the proper training of their future servants and have the pick of the crop for themselves. Once their servants were past the age of being useful, they could then pack them off to the Ladies' Protestant Home.

Employers were less and less patient with girls who were inexperienced in the culture and tastes of large upper-middle-class households. But one thing never changed very much: people continued to complain about their servants. As the century was turning, Charles Baillargé, a renowned Quebec architect, wrote testily to the Ursuline sisters that the orphans they were putting out to service needed better training.

"Just yesterday, a new girl not only ruined my dinner by cutting the two ears off a calf's head and throwing them in the fire (they are the part I like best) but was on the point of putting the whole head on to boil instead of sawing it in two to get the brain." ⚜

Louisa Blair's family has lived in Quebec City since the eighteenth century. She is the author of *The Anglos: The Hidden Face of Quebec City, Volume I: 1608–1850*, published by Éditions Sylvain Harvey and Commission de la capitale nationale du Québec, 2005.

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With Axe and Saw

Bus Griffiths painted what he knew. And what he knew was logging – the way it once was. By Paula Wild; captions by Bus Griffiths

Bus Griffiths has the broad-shouldered, barrel-chested build of a faller and fingers gnarled by a lifetime in the woods. The retired hand-logger, self-taught artist, author, and logging historian is perhaps best known for his book *Now You're Logging*, an action-packed adventure that takes place during the Depression. But what many don't realize is that Griffiths also created a series of oil paintings that are an important historical reference.

"Before heavy-duty equipment moved into the woods, loggers were a hard breed who took pride in their work and were artists in their own right," Griffiths says.

Blending a rough-and-ready work environment and the grandeur of the British Columbia landscape, Griffiths's paintings are historically accurate right down to the tiniest detail. Snoose (chewing tobacco) tins bulge out of pockets as loggers slice into bark with crosscut saws. Nearby rests a bucker's measuring stick; hanging from a tree is a glass bottle of coal oil to lubricate the saw. Noted Daniel Gallacher, curator of modern history at the Royal British Columbia Museum in 1971 when eight of the paintings were exhibited: "Griffiths's paintings have become our most important reference for details on old-time logging techniques."

RICK JAMES

Bus Griffiths in the woods behind his home in Fanny Bay on Vancouver Island in 1998.

Griffiths was born in 1913 in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Christened Gilbert, he got his nickname when a butcher leaned over the counter and told his mother, "That's a real little buster you've got there!" Since Griffiths was one of those youngsters who didn't like to go to bed, his dad bought a Big Chief scribbler and told him if he went to sleep, elves would slip through the keyhole and leave a picture.

Up, up he goes, chopping the limbs off the mighty fir. ... To watch a high rigger topping a tall fir and see him etched against the sky, as the top falls, is a thrilling sight, and one that will always be a symbol of the romantic and colourful side of the British Columbia logging industry.

"I'd wake up every morning with that scribbler tucked under my pillow with a new drawing in it," Griffiths recalls. "I was horse crazy so it was usually a picture of a horse. One time Dad drew a galloping horse and I thought that was the greatest thing I'd ever seen. I tried to copy it and that's how I learned to draw."

Griffiths was twelve when he fell in love with logging. His dad hired a faller to chop down a Douglas fir that threatened the chicken coop. Griffiths watched the operation and declared, "I want to do that." He was given an axe and told to cut wood for the kitchen stove. "I had trees hung up all over the place – it's a wonder I didn't kill myself," Griffiths says. "I really liked falling those trees but I wasn't too handy at getting the wood up to the house."

Griffiths didn't plan to make a career out of logging. He attended Sprott-Shaw Business School and eventually got a position in the Vancouver office of Massey-Harris. But when the Depression hit, Griffiths was laid off and later found work chopping second-growth fir into cordwood. Jobs at numerous small logging camps followed, and Griffiths soon became experienced in every aspect of logging.

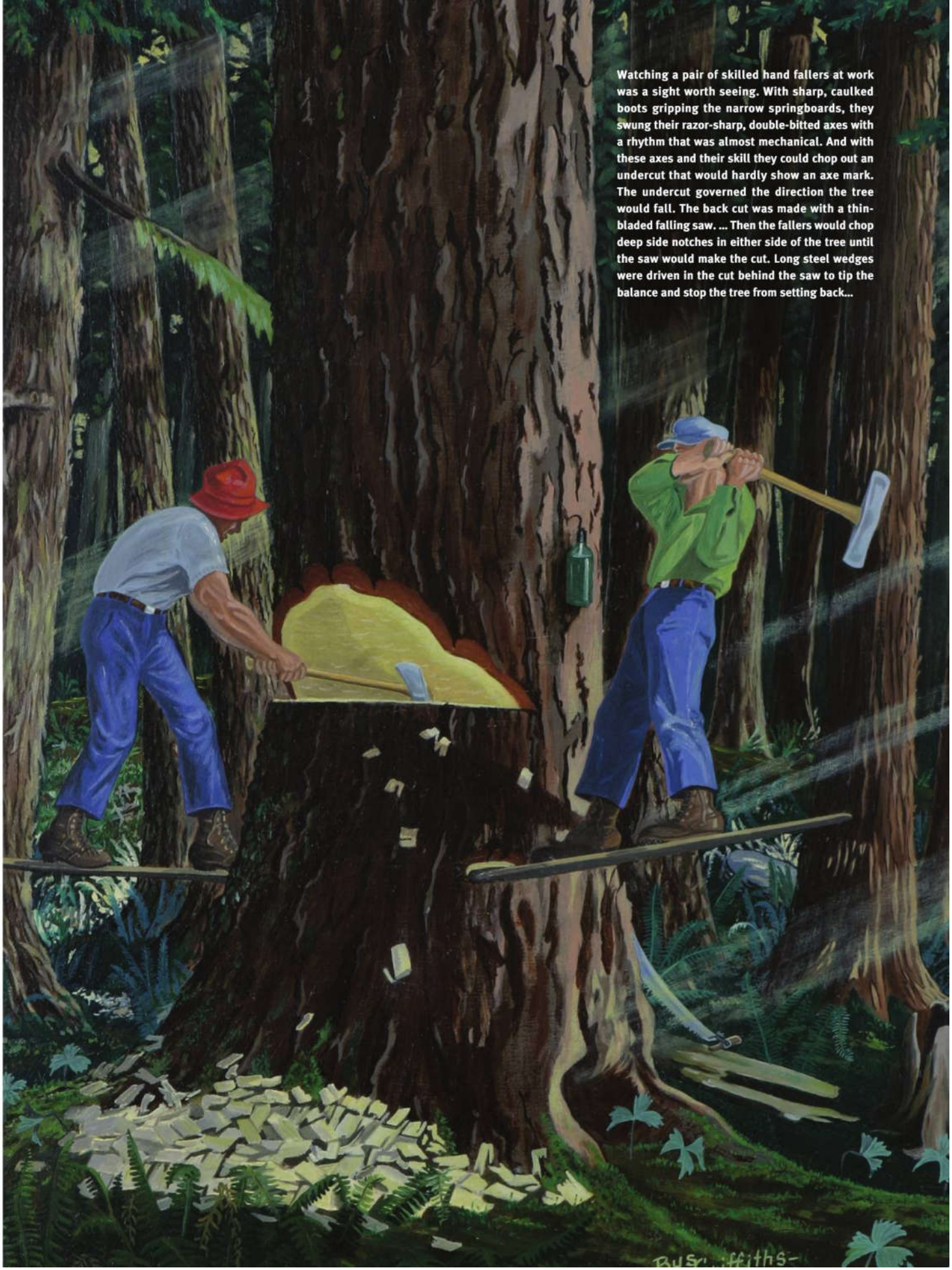
When he wasn't logging, Griffiths was drawing. He'd always wanted to be a comic-strip illustrator, but the first time he submitted a story the editor said, "You better get some drawing lessons, kid!" Griffiths didn't let that stop him – he never did get any lessons – and a few years later Maple Leaf Publishing in Vancouver accepted Griffiths's "Now You're Loggin'." The series was so popular that Maple Leaf asked Griffiths to create another story line. "Son of the Range" featured cowboys so Griffiths could draw horses.

This picture shows a six-horse team hauling a turn of logs on a skid road. They felled and bucked logs, which were pulled out to the skid road by a yarding team. A man known as a barker and sniper then chopped the bark off one side of the logs to make a "ride" so they would slide easily over the greased skids. ... He also chopped the edges off the forward end of the log to make a snipe. This was done to make the logs ride up over the skids. ... The man in the foreground of the picture is the grease monkey. It was his job to swab the skids with whale or crude oil to make the logs slide more readily.

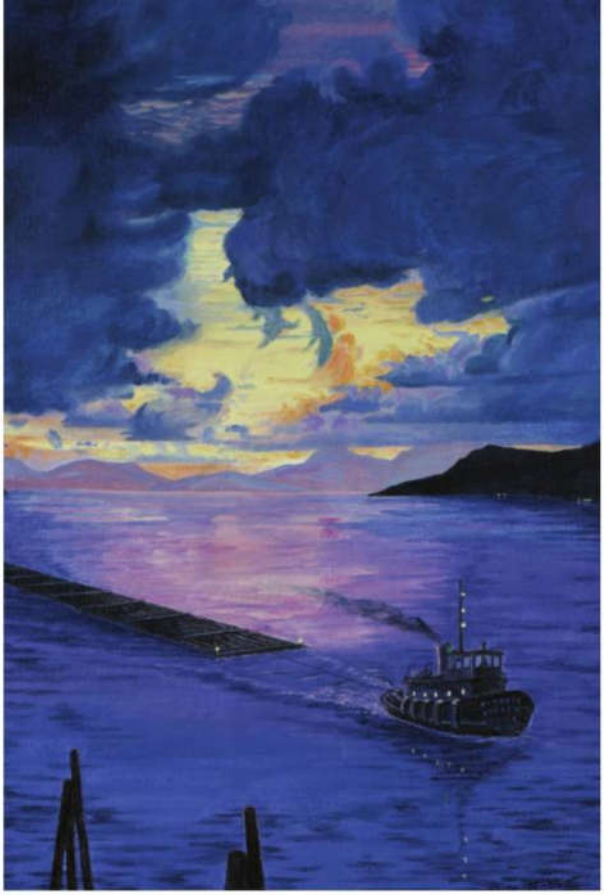
The loading tongs hang from the jacks ... one hundred and ten pounds of finely tempered metal to lift tons of wood, bark and sap. The head loader stands on the [rail]car .... pauses a moment, eyes on the chosen log, both hands gripping the tongs. Then he comes down off the car ... and throws the tongs with one fluid motion and they are on the chosen log. ... Then the second loader comes down off the car with the back tongs, moving with the easy grace of one sure of his strength and speed. A few short running steps and he throws the tongs with the same easy twist of his shoulders and arms. They sail out and scissor across the butt of the log and in the clear. ... At a signal from the head loader the log is dropped in the desired spot on the load and both loaders are back on the car kicking the tongs free. This was the routine of the duplex loaders as they went about their job loading logs on a railroad car. Theirs was one of the most arduous and dangerous jobs in the woods and required perfect timing and teamwork.

The comic strip ended when Griffiths took a logging job at the north end of Vancouver Island. People were clamouring for the stories, but Griffiths didn't have the time. In the early 1960s, tired of being away from home so much, Griffiths bought a thirty-foot troller, the *Loon*, and started commercial fishing. But since he missed working in the woods, his wife Margaret suggested he paint some logging scenes.

Just as he'd taught himself to draw and log, Griffiths set about learning to paint. His first canvases were sheets of four-by-eight-foot hardboard. He'd cut them in half and work on the backside. Finding composition a challenge in the beginning, Griffiths drew each component of the painting on paper and then moved the pieces around the surface



Watching a pair of skilled hand fallers at work was a sight worth seeing. With sharp, caulked boots gripping the narrow springboards, they swung their razor-sharp, double-bitted axes with a rhythm that was almost mechanical. And with these axes and their skill they could chop out an undercut that would hardly show an axe mark. The undercut governed the direction the tree would fall. The back cut was made with a thin-bladed falling saw. ... Then the fallers would chop deep side notches in either side of the tree until the saw would make the cut. Long steel wedges were driven in the cut behind the saw to tip the balance and stop the tree from setting back...



The steam tug starts out with its tow of logs destined for the big mills on the Fraser River. Once a common sight along the B.C. coast, the steam tug is now only a memory, replaced by modern tugs with powerful diesel engines.

Beyond the felled and bucked timber, the wreckage of the logged-off country, referred to as "slash" by loggers, can be seen. ... The clothing worn by three of the four loggers in the painting went under the name of Raintest, and was made of a stiff canvaslike material. Loggers referred to it as "Bone-dry" and "Tin Coat and Tin Pants." The material had a tendency to be water repellent and some loggers enhanced this tendency by an application of linseed oil and Parowax.

until he and Margaret agreed everything looked right. When he needed a model, he'd have Margaret dress in his old logging clothes and wield a lightweight stick to simulate the axe. Not wanting his wife climbing trees, he bought a Polaroid camera and had Margaret take pictures of him up a tree instead. Without even thinking about it, he created a visual and written documentary of a way of life that no longer exists.

Griffiths, who continued to cut his own firewood and paint well into his eighties, says he was a reluctant artist. "I'd paint a little, leave it, and go back," he admits. "I'm an outdoor man, when the weather's good. I couldn't sit inside and paint. I had to wait for a foul day."

In 1973 Harbour Publishing asked Griffiths to enlarge his old comic series into a book. *Now You're Logging* was published five years later. The book won the Eaton's B.C. Book Award and was sold out in two years. Although *Now You're Logging* was reprinted in 1992, the original edition is classed as a collector's item.

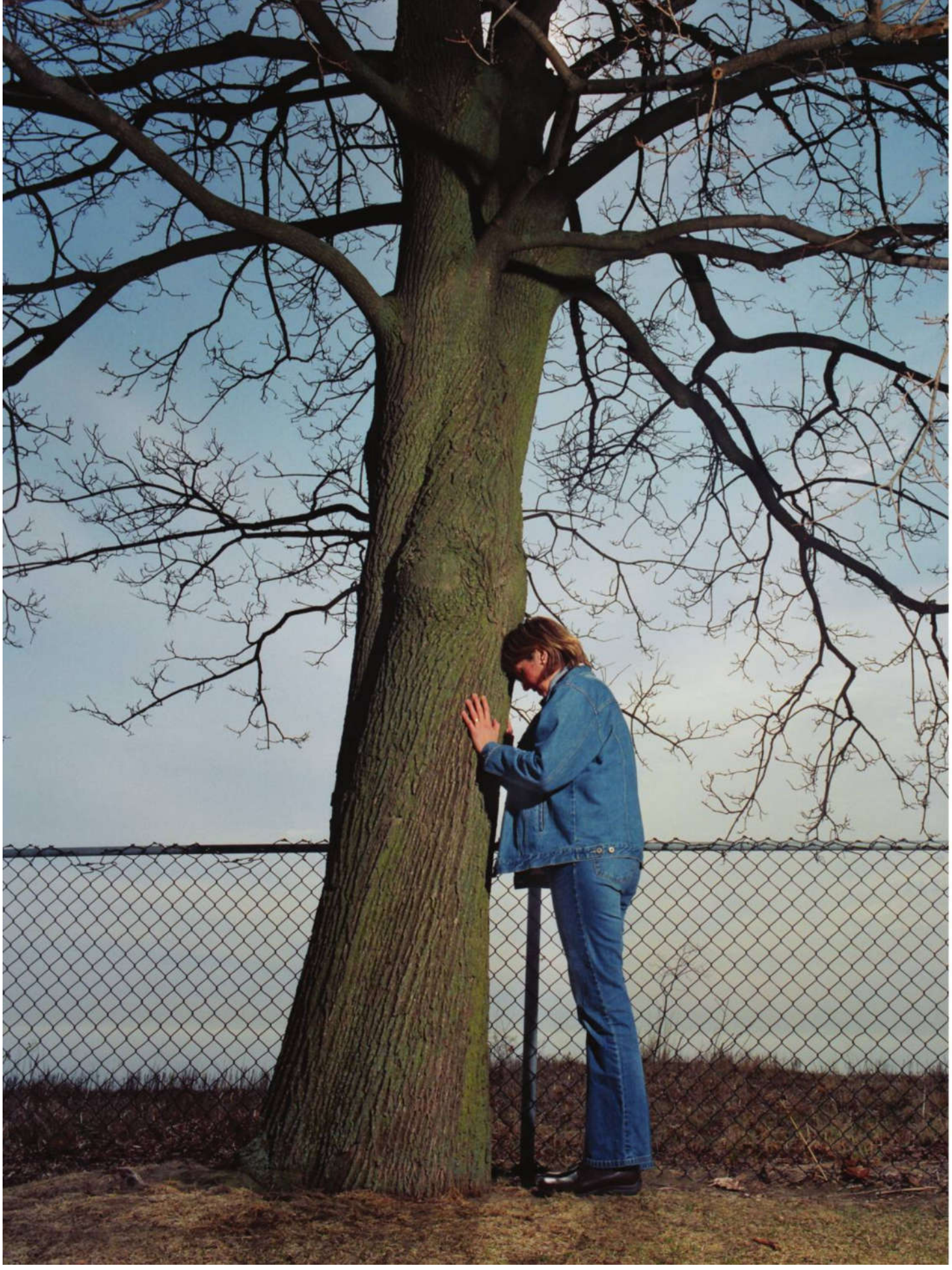
His job was to buck the felled timber into the lengths, with an eye to scale and grade. It was a hard and dangerous job and took men of much patience and endurance. The bucker was often referred to as the moneymaker of the falling crew. By careful and skillful cutting, he would make his cuts to get the most possible board feet of scale out of the tree. So he not only made money for himself and partners by bucking for scale, but was also a valuable asset to his employers by cutting the trees for grade. ... The bucker in the picture is cutting a big fir and you will note that two wedges are driven into the log crossways to the cut. This is done to stop the log from rolling towards the bucker when the cut is completed.

Griffiths's paintings are held in numerous private and corporate collections. But his most historically significant work, the eight logging paintings, resides in the Courtenay & District Museum, on central Vancouver Island, near his home in Fanny Bay. The oils, painted on board ordered through Eaton's catalogue, were reframed in 2002.

"The paintings are vigorous, historically accurate renditions of the early days of logging," says Peter Wiebe, then interim director of the museum. "These paintings have an incredible historical value, but it's the artistic value that makes them so vital. He brings the action to life; you can almost hear the whistle blast and crack of the whip over the horses' backs."

Ninety-two this July, Griffiths's physical strength is waning, but his charm and good humour remain strong. And he still gets a twinkle in his eye when the conversation turns to old-time logging.

Paula Wild writes from Courtenay, B.C. She is the author of *One River, Two Cultures: A History of the Bella Coola Valley*, published in 2004 by Harbour Publishing.



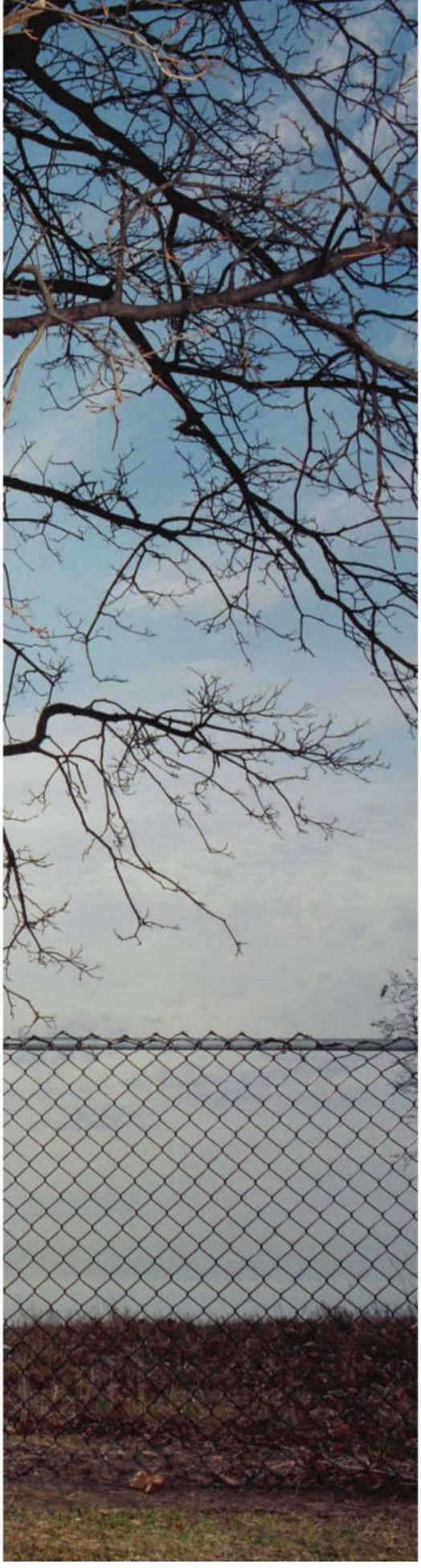


PHOTO FOR THE BEAVER BY GARY MULCAHEY

In Search of Mary Beebe

An ordinary woman in extraordinary times, witness to war, revolution, and the birth of a nation, Mary Secord Beebe had vanished into history until her many-times-great granddaughter laid hands on the family tree.

by Alex Newman

I became a genealogist-cum-historian about fifteen years ago, drawn in by my eighty-eight-year-old great-aunt Marjorie who had several ancestral lines on the go.But she was far more interested in painting historical pictures and personal stories than in documenting who begat whom. Her research turned up several intriguing ancestral possibilities, but Mary Secord Beebe, my great-great-great-great-great grandmother, was the most fascinating. An ordinary woman who could neither read nor write, she is the embodiment of the migrations, violence, and upheaval that characterized colonial Canada. Living to be at least 100 years old, she survived three husbands, a multitude of epidemics, the American Revolution, a land-dispute war, a wilderness march with six children under fifteen, refugee camp, and resettlement. [1]

This is her story.

Mary's great-grandfather was Ambroise Sicard, a salt farmer near La Rochelle, a port on France's Bay of Biscay. A Huguenot, he enjoyed the religious freedom guaranteed to Protestants by the 1598 Edict of Nantes, which ended religious persecution at the time of the Reformation. In 1685, during a period of political instability, Louis XIV revoked the edict in an attempt to unify the coun-

[1]Mary Second Beebe was also an aunt by marriage of Laura Secord, heroine of the War of 1812. Laura Secord's father-in-law was Mary's brother James.

try under one religion. Refusing to sign an allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church, some 400,000 Huguenots fled France, Ambroise Sicard among them. He first sought sanctuary in England; then, under the sponsorship of a London church that considered his family "persons of middle quality," sailed to the New World. By 1689, Ambroise and other Huguenots founded New Rochelle, New York. He appeared on the census that year at age sixty-seven, and pledged allegiance to England. That year, too, England and France went to war.

Colonial life reflected the enmity between the two countries, with newspaper reports critical of all things French. Around 1709, according to New Rochelle records, the Sicards became Anglicans. By the time Marie Sicard was born in 1736, the eighth of eleven children, the family name changed to Secord. Two years later, town records were in English and Marie became Mary. By 1790 no French was spoken.

In these early years, New Rochelle and its inhabitants prospered. Ambroise had purchased ninety-five acres a few years after arriving, and in 1701 his will made provision for a sixteen-

WESTERN ENTRANCE TO YORK.

Records indicate two children were born to Mary Secord Beebe in York, in southern Pennsylvania, in the early 1770s. For nine months in 1777–1778, under threat of the advancing British, the Continental Congress, the putative government of the newly formed United States, located in York.

by-twenty-eight-foot wood-and-stone gable house that still stands. Sarah Kimble Knight, a New Englander who travelled through New Rochelle in 1704, wrote that it was "a very pretty place well compact and good handsome houses, clean, good passable roads, and situated on a Navigable River, abundance of land well fined and cleared."

As was common, Mary was a young bride. At twenty, she married John Crookston, the son of an English émigré, who lived in Eastchester, five kilometres from New Rochelle. It was 1756, the beginning of the Seven Years' War, the final act in a long-running worldwide imperial struggle between England and France that had started in 1689. The hostilities in North America – called the French and Indian Wars by American historians – began two years earlier, in 1754, in southwestern Pennsylvania's Ohio Valley. There, twenty-two-year-old George Washington was forced to accept a humiliating surrender after ambushing a small French detachment. Alarmed at French activity at their back door, the British ordered two regiments to America, and began raising colonial regiments. Among those colonials who died fighting was John Crookston, Mary's husband, aged twenty-three. It was 1758, the same year their son John was born.

Two years later, Mary, a twenty-four-year-old war widow and mother, was poised to marry twenty-two-year-old Joshua Beebe, a Connecticut Yankee. Though not a soldier, his family name peppered the musters. How they met is a mystery. Joshua lived 160 kilometres away from Eastchester in Ashford, Connecticut, a long journey in eighteenth-century terms. But family ties and the push for land may explain it. The Beebes were a large Connecticut family and had spread into New York. Joshua's cousin Ephraim Beebe, for example, lived in Cortland County, New York. So did Mary's brother Daniel. Joshua's uncle Richard Brockway was one of the first men in the Susquehanna Land Company, which in 1753 purchased land from the Six Nations in the Wyoming Valley, on the north branch of the Susquehanna River, in northeastern Pennsylvania. The same company also lured Mary's older brothers Peter, John James, and Daniel Secord. The population of the American colonies was exploding, and the Pennsylvania frontier was proving irresistible to land-hungry colonists.

The Seven Years' War continued. Quebec fell to the English in 1759. The next year, the French formally surrendered in Montreal. By 1763, the war was over, and British control of North America was made official under the Treaty of Paris. Mary and Joshua rode out the war in Connecticut. Their first child, Adin, was born in 1761. The next two, Secord and Charlotte, were born in 1764 and 1767 respectively. However, sometime before the 1769 birth of their fourth child, Amasa, the family joined the others moving to the Pennsylvania frontier.

World war may have been over, but peace was absent in the Wyoming Valley. Both Connecticut and Pennsylvania claimed land along the Susquehanna based on charters granted by Charles II in the 1660s. In 1762, Six Nations natives drove the Connecticut settlers from the valley. When they returned in February 1769, Joshua and Mary Beebe among them, they discovered Pennsylvania settlers had already moved in. Violence broke out, marking the beginning of the first Pennamite War, which lasted until 1772.

The Beebes' exact whereabouts in this period are difficult to determine. Mary was pregnant, and it's possible Joshua moved his family to the safety of York, in southern Pennsylvania, about seventy kilometres from the mouth of Susquehanna River at Chesapeake Bay. There are records of two children born to them at York. Support for this also comes from a letter, dated 1871, from Mary's grandson John Secord Beebe of Quebec, to his cousin William Beebe of Nebraska:

> The Secords with your grandfather Beebe moved to the Susquehanna some fiew years before the revolution they had located themselfes on the river just where the river after winding throug the mountains came into a flat country called

BEAVER COLLECTION

After nearly a quarter-century of itinerant living, Mary Beebe Secord finally settled with her husband and children near New Carlisle, on Gaspé Peninsula's south coast.

> Wyoming leading down to the Chesapeak Bay. they wher amongst the first that settled on the [illegible word] lands amongst the mountains, one of there farms was the first as they came to the mout that is to say the country was flat or more level from that toward the Chesapeak each one of the four of them had taken as heads of family one of those [illegible word] flats being "A large flat on one side and mountains on the other, opposite your grandfathers farm in the river was an islan by some Called long Island whilst others called it Peach Island[2] owing to A quantity of Peach trees growing on it.

Evidence also exists for the Beebes living up the Susquehanna, in northern Pennsylvania, in the Wyoming Valley, near present-day Wilkes-Barre. Tax lists from the area in 1776 include a Joshua Beebe, and two more children born to Mary are recorded at the town of Susquehanna.

The end of the Seven Years' War, however, did not guarantee tranquility in Britain's North American colonies. Resentment grew as the colonists were ordered by Parliament to pay for the enlargement of garrison forces for which they had not asked, to pay taxes for which they were not represented, and forbidden to further exploit frontier lands in respect of aboriginal claims.In April 1775, war between Britain and its American colonies began with a skirmish at Lexington, Massachusetts. In July 1776, the American colonies declared themselves an independent nation. In the Wyoming Valley, as elsewhere in the colonies as war escalated, people fell under pressure to declare an allegiance. New England troops began moving into the frontier, forcing settlers to sign the Articles of Association against the British government, persecuting those who refused. The Beebes appear to have made an early choice to remain loyal to the Crown. Records from April 1777 show Joshua and his sixteen-year-old son Adin enlisting in Butler's Rangers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel John Butler, originally of Connecticut, who had headquartered his loyalist troops at Fort Niagara. By June, father and son were drawing four shillings a day army pay.

Butler's Rangers headquartered at Niagara, but set up temporary encampments in the hotly contested New York and Pennsylvania frontier. Mary's family was in the centre of it. In May 1777, Sir Guy Carleton, governor at Quebec, eager to maintain the allegiance of the Six Nations, ordered the invasion of the colony of New York where settlers had appropriated land from the native people. In August, with a force of rangers leaving Niagara in pairs – one ranger and one Indian scout – Butler surprised rebel troops at Fort Stanwix, east of present-day Syracuse, and decimated their army. However, two months later, General John Burgoyne, marching south from Quebec to sever New England from the other colonies, was forced to surrender at Saratoga – a turning point in the American War of Independence. Preparing for the worst, Butler arranged to have the Susquehanna settlers' cattle driven north to Niagara to supply the garrison. He despatched a ranger party from Oswego, led by Mary's older brother James, to Susquehanna. The rangers were attacked, and thirty were captured, while the rest fled for their Wyoming valley homes, probably Joshua and Adin among them.

Meanwhile, many from the Wyoming Colony had already escaped northwards. In 1777, refugees arrived in Niagara with letters from seventy Susquehanna inhabitants, all being pestered by rebels and all wanting to enlist with Butler's Rangers. In an 1861 letter to Dr. Egerton Ryerson, Elizabeth Bowman Spohn describes the experience of her grandparents, the Bowmans, who were neighbours of the Beebes:

MCCORD MUSEUM

[2] Present-day Peach Bottom Island is near York.

> my grandmother … suffered so much through want and anxiety … in the fall the commander of the British forces at Niagara, … brought in five families: the Nellises, Secords, Youngs, Bucks, and our own family (Bowman), five women and thirty-one children, and only one pair of shoes among them all.

Mary Secord Beebe was not among the earliest arrivals. Though rebel persecution escalated and many settlers were captured or driven from their homes in the winter of 1778, Mary appears not to have left her Wyoming Colony home until the late spring of that year. Her United Empire Loyalist land claim states "corn turnups [sic], potatoes and wheat" were left in the field – crops planted in late May or June. She left behind:

> 300 acors of land on grants but not paid for; 9 acors cleared and fenced with logg house 43; stable, 2 large corn cribs; 2 cows and 2 heffers; 10 hogs large and small; 20 pound lining yarn; 1 crop of flax flock 1 acor; all the crop left on the ground wheat, corn potatoes and turnups; plow irons 2 logg chains sett Iron torcien; 1 ax 4 haws hand saw 1 Atchet 2 iron potts; 1 tramil pails tubs and other furniture; 1 rifle copper tea kettle; 1 large dish basin and tin plates; 2 pewter tea potts; hooking yarn; churn.

Fighting in the Susquehanna was intensifying. That May, Butler left Niagara to headquarter at Unadilla, New York, to more easily attack rebel forts in the Wyoming Valley. By the end of June, he was well down the river's north branch to Tioga Point, near present-day Athens, Pennsylvania.

The 1871 letter between the cousins John Secord Beebe and William Beebe suggests the same, describing the Beebes

> on there march up the river on there way to Canada they came to A place called Tioga Point being a point of land formed by another river coming into the main river. there they encamped for several days there your grandfather bade his wife and family farewel, bound to N. Y. on business of importance from which he never returned. there also was your father born 3 or 4 days after his father left.

Mary's brother John Secord had large land holdings at Tioga Point, where the Rangers had an encampment. It's a logical place for Joshua to safely leave his family, then return to his company. Their last child, Joshua Jr., was born on July 1. But Joshua Sr. was not heading to New York, as the letter suggests. On July 2, the Rangers descended the Susquehanna in boats and rafts, landing a few miles above Forty Fort, at Wyoming, where a major rebel force was holding out. After a fierce battle, the rebels surrendered.

Three months later, Joshua died of smallpox while carrying a message to New York. The next record of Mary isn't until 1781. By this time, she is in Machiche, a refugee camp near Trois-Rivières, Quebec. After George Washington's 1779 sweep through central New York, burning villages and destroying crops, refugees flooded the Niagara garrison – Mary's probable destination in the wake of her husband's death and the fighting at Wyoming. That winter, British supply ships were blocked on the lake and the refugees were starving. A pitiful corn harvest provided no relief, and a group of refugees left, possibly including Mary. Rangers' families were commonly sent to Montreal and Machiche to reduce consumption at the fort. It was a good thing – conditions worsened. The following winter was even grimmer – one of the coldest on record, and entire native families living outside the garrison walls froze to death in their leantos; those inside the garrison didn't fare much better.

Mary settled into life at the Machiche refugee camp. She married Christopher Pearson, the camp rations officer and former Susquehanna neighbour, had her children baptized, and, over five or six years, grew in reputation as an excellent midwife and seamstress, helping to supplement her family income.

But by 1783, Machiche was so crowded that Sir Frederick Haldimand, governor of Quebec, put a notice in the *Quebec Gazette* offering free land in Gaspé and passage for Loyalist settlers. About four hundred people answered the advertisement, including Mary. In June 1784, she, Christopher, and six of her children sailed for Chaleur Bay, eventually settling on land near New Carlisle.

Gaspé was no Eden. In an 1809 letter, Mary's daughter Sarah wrote to her older brother Adin who had settled in Niagara with his fellow Butler's Rangers:

> most of the time Spent at Saling and fishing, growing tired of Both and inclining to folow the farming which is Not Very Comfortebel in this Northing Climet…. Cannot do anything about lands or trespass to rilate the rached state of the districk of Gaspe would be endless.

Though many eventually left Gaspé for more hospitable climes, Mary never did. In 1838, Adin wrote to his brother Amasa: "In yours of 1836, I find that our mother is still living. O what gratitude, love, thanks, adoration, " which would put Mary at 100 years old. His 1843 letter, referring to an earlier one of Amasa's, laments the "demonstrated frailty of man" and thanks to those "whom I esteem for the attention they paid our deceased mother." If Mary had died that year, her age was a remarkable 106.

There is some speculation here, and new information will undoubtedly alter the story somewhat, but piecing together Mary Secord Beebe's life from scant historical and genealogical accounts has been an exhilarating and educational one. My only regret is that my aunt, who died five years ago at age ninety-five, isn't here to reap the rewards of our improved Internet resources. But I can well imagine her now communing with the spirit of Mary Beebe and getting the real scoop.

Alex Newman is a Toronto freelance writer, researcher, and TV producer.

The Crusader

Butcher, baker, restaurateur – Dr. William John McKay had your number. When it came to defending Saskatoon's public health, no one was tougher. By Dave Glaze

Dr. William John McKay sat back in his chair and fixed his gaze on each member of the Saskatoon Board of Health in turn. It was November 6, 1911. Before him on the table were the results of his investigations as the city's medical health officer (MHO) into the outrageously unsanitary conditions of many local slaughter houses. Too many butchers, he had found, chose to flout the city's health regulations and repeatedly ignore his department's demands for improvements. From the reports he submitted to that meeting, we might imagine the scene.

A trim, athletic man with dark hair and a neat beard, Dr. McKay holds up a sheaf of papers. "You can see for yourselves, gentlemen," he begins, "we have made no progress with the firm of Gordon and Sparling. Hogs intended for slaughter are feeding and wallowing in dirty blood and water from the killing room. The slop from the hog trough flows toward the river, polluting the ground for hundreds of feet."

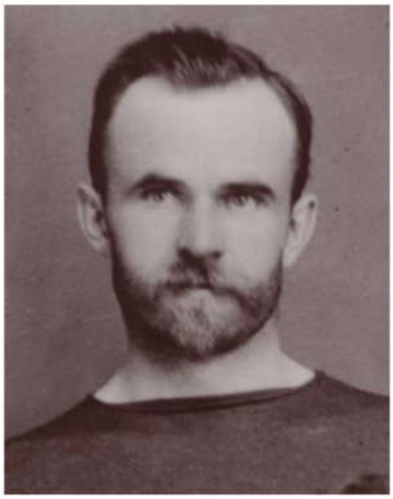
With his index finger, the MHO thumps the tabletop for emphasis. "The offal wagon is open, coated with dung and blood, and leaking liquid filth. Maggots and flies abound. The water supply is a shallow well less than twenty feet from the slaughterhouse which is itself a cheap shell with a defective wooden floor and poor lighting. The place is littered with hair, blood, dung, and fat. The men's overalls, knives, and knife sheaths are greasy and caked with blood. Dogs run freely, drinking from the pails and sniffing the carcasses which, once dressed, are exposed to flies."

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY SASKATOON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Previous page: Central Meat Market, Saskatoon, with multiple carcasses hanging behind the counter. McKay, virulent in his criticisms of local butchers who ignored his department's regulations, was part of a new wave of advocacy for proper food handling. In 1906, when McKay was beginning his career in Saskatoon, American writer Upton Sinclair's bestselling novel *The Jungle*, which portrayed the crude conditions at a Chicago meat-packing plant, shocked the North American public, leading to investigations of the meat-packing industry and the passing of consumer-protection legislation.

The room falls silent as McKay reins in his finger. He leans forward, linking his hands and resting his elbows on the table. "You will find in my report a summary of the state of their premises five years ago. Nothing of substance has changed. Unfortunately, Gordon and Sparling are not alone. Too many of the enlightened and independent butchers of Saskatoon have seen fit to pretend to regard our regulations as impossible, oppressive, and in a final absurdity, interfering with their civic rights. I can assure you, gentlemen, that in trying to protect the public from the sale of diseased, decomposing, or infected meat, your officials have had to put up with much impudence, insult, and abuse from the members of this trade." McKay shrugs. "It is perhaps expecting too much in asking this generation of butchers to come up to any reasonable standard of sanitation. Life is too short to hope to teach men so little ashamed of their unsavoury surroundings."

As a medical health officer in the early years of the twentieth century, McKay was prepared to use education, persuasion, threats, or unleashed sarcasm to get people to obey health regulations. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, in the overcrowded cities of Europe and North America, public health had shifted from isolating sick individuals to halt the spread of disease to recognizing the importance of sanitation in reducing diseases and their transmission. Health became a social, not just an individual, responsibility, and public boards and agencies were established as a result. However, though Louis Pasteur had confirmed the link between germs and disease in the late nineteenth century, many people remained unconvinced. In Saskatoon, dealing with the underside of the biggest population boom in the history of western Canada, McKay faced a double challenge: enforcing public health standards and convincing people of their necessity. Laws alone, he knew, were no guarantee for progress.



William John McKay (1874–1913) had a private life as turbulent as his public life. In 1910, his twenty-five-year-old wife Susanna died from burns sustained when her clothing caught fire from a gas stove in her kitchen. Their young children, twins Margaret and Hartford, were sent to live with McKay's in-laws in Manitoba. Three years later he died while on a holiday trip to Ireland.

In 1905 the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were carved from the North-West Territories. Five years later, the prairie economy was riding the crest of a worldwide economic wave. Farmers rolled newly mechanized equipment across the plains, anxious to break the soil and begin planting the grains they would export to the world. Urban emigrants joined them, spilling off the trains to try to make their fortune in the handful of cities and numerous smaller communities sprouting up along the tracks between the Ontario border and the foothills of the Rockies.

Only a relative few realized their dreams of wealth. Although houses and businesses sprang up as quickly as the lumber arrived for their construction and solid four-storey brick office buildings were completed in months, the supply of materials and workers couldn't keep up with the demand. Rampant speculation drove up the price of land and made lots inaccessible for many. Rooming houses crammed in dozens of single men, often those from eastern Europe who arrived without competence in the English language and found themselves in the lowest-paid labouring positions. Others, including white-collar workers and families with children, lived for months in tents.

Municipal politicians poured everything they could muster into the modern conveniences expected in an early twentieth-century city: paved streets and concrete sidewalks, electrical lines and transit tracks, and miles and miles of water and sewer mains. To manage these services they hired administrators and engineers and, to meet the requirements of the provincial Public Health Act, a medical health officer.

Public health legislation predated Saskatchewan's incorporation. In 1871, under the North-West Territorial Council, boards of health were established to try to reduce the death toll from the frequent epidemics of smallpox, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, diphtheria, and other diseases that erupted across the plains. In the absence of medical services, the work of isolation and control fell largely on clergy and officers of the North-West Mounted Police.

In 1905, through its Department of Agriculture, the new province established a laboratory partly devoted to disease control: it could analyze diphtheria cultures as well as run tests for seed germination and swamp fever in horses. A provincial MHO was responsible for generating public support for improvements in water and sewage facilities, isolation

Saskatoon Construction and Engineering Company crew in 1910 with steam-driven trenching machine to lay sewer pipes. Since polluted water was the chief cause of typhoid, which plagued Saskatoon annually, McKay focused his energies on the city's water supply, insisting that surface wells and outdoor privies be abolished in favour of compulsory house connection to water and sewage.

wards in hospitals, and the collection of data on vital statistics.

The provinces of eastern Canada had more experience dealing with epidemics. Since the mid-1700s occasional legislation had been passed to deal with the temporary ravages of communicable diseases when, for instance, infected persons disembarked ships. Ontario had its first public health act in 1849 and its first permanent provincial board of health in 1882. A year later, a medical health officer was appointed in Toronto. Other cities followed. Sanitation issues were often the most immediate concerns of early MHOs. They pressed for a clean water supply and safe, sanitary waste disposal. They wanted lanes and alleys kept clear of manure and discarded materials that might harbour vermin. They requested systematic sanitation and health legislation. For guidance they looked to Great Britain or the United States where the American Public Health Association had been formed in 1872.

While provincial or municipal laws gave them some powers of enforcement, early MHOs generally relied on education and persuasion to change people's attitudes and practices. Municipal politicians unwilling to offend their electorates preferred these methods as well.

When trying to prevent infectious diseases, however, a patient approach can have tragic consequences. Long before the second decade of the twentieth century, for instance, clean water and sanitary waste disposal had been identified as the essential elements in halting the spread of typhoid fever. Still, some families and municipalities continued dangerous practices. In 1911, typhoid fever swept

through Ottawa, killing 52 people and infecting 901 in the first three months of the epidemic. Perhaps because it was Ottawa, an inquiry was established to investigate the outbreak. The cause? Backyard privies in some neighbourhoods were shared by a number of families, and the structures were incapable of handling the resulting quantities of human waste. The overflowing privies polluted a water table and a stream that flowed into the Rideau River above the water intake.

Out in Saskatoon, Dr. McKay considered the Ottawa epidemic inexcusable. He was asked if it could be repeated in his jurisdiction. Absolutely not, he replied. Saskatoon now had an effective disinfecting and filtration system and a proper water intake. That the western city invested in such a plant could be attributed to McKay's determination and unflagging persistence.

Drilling a shallow well in Saskatoon using a horse-drawn rig.

Born in Huntingdon, Quebec, in 1874, a young William John McKay moved to Morden, Manitoba, with his parents. He graduated from the Manitoba Medical College in 1899. His first practice, which included some work in rural public health, was in Winkler, Manitoba. Four years later he married Susanna Peters and the couple moved to Saskatoon, then a small town of a few hundred people.

The city records are unclear on the date of his first appointment, but within a couple of years of his arrival he took over the part-time position of medical health officer from another physician while continuing to maintain a private practice. In 1906, Saskatoon, with a population of three thousand, incorporated as a city. It passed a public health bylaw that dealt with wells, water, sewer connections, and the control of communicable diseases, and included provisions to enforce compliance. Three years later, Saskatchewan passed its first public health act. McKay was asked to sit on the newly formed Council for Public Health, which gave guidance to the provincial health commissioner.

In 1910 when the boom erupted, Saskatoon grew to 12,000 people. Health and Sanitation Department matters consumed more and more of McKay's time. His staff now tested the products of all milk vendors in the city and published a scorecard in the local newspapers. Not all of the vendors passed, and McKay encouraged housewives to themselves pasteurize any milk consumed by their families.

The department employed a sizable maintenance staff. Teams of horses and wagons were used to collect garbage and night soil stored in the box closets (privies) used by households without indoor plumbing. More teams routinely cleaned the newly paved streets and tried to keep up with the refuse – waste paper, broken boxes, and dodgers (what we now call fliers) – that littered streets and back lanes.

In January 1911, McKay became a full-time MHO. Meanwhile, the population boom continued. By late 1912 Saskatoon was home to 27,000 people. Under McKay's supervision, public health inspectors made frequent visits to food wholesalers and retailers. Their actions often made newspaper headlines. In June 1912, seven tons of strawberries shipped to the city in a railway car with inadequate ice were found unfit for human consumption and destroyed. The next month fourteen tons of watermelons ended up at the nuisance grounds. In October a similar fate befell twelve tons of B.C. plums.

The annual inspection of the Gordon and Sparling slaughterhouse found the same outrageous conditions of a year earlier. Meanwhile, McKay caught wind of a petition organized by some restaurant owners to have abolished the section of the health bylaw that prohibited restaurants from using basement rooms to store or prepare food. He told reporters he had never seen a basement in any restaurant or hotel in the city that was fit for these activities. "The man on the street ... does not want his milk or his meat kept in a damp, mildewed, often flooded cellar," he said, adding that it was a small group of men trying to bulldoze the petition through council. He was prepared to name names. Not that the city fathers were exempt from his criticism. The unsanitary state of their nuisance grounds, jail, and, especially, horse stables showed, he said, near "criminal carelessness."

In August 1912, public health officers discovered a young boy suffering from scarlet fever in a small, unsanitary lean-to at the back of a clothing store. McKay took the opportunity to point out the city's failure to establish a proper infectious-disease hospital. Something, he said, will have to be done for those suffering, especially in shacks or boarding houses, "and I don't see that the city is doing very much to help them."

That same month, McKay reported that in the previous three weeks ten babies had died of *cholera infantum* (summer complaint) or similar diseases. "These babies have died as a direct result of bad food," McKay said, "particularly bad milk," which had become dirty by carelessness in production, delivery, or home storage. By early fall, McKay had

Founded in 1907, Saskatoon City Hospital was the first municipal hospital in western Canada and the second in Canada.

hired a bacteriologist to analyze samples of water, milk, and other foods. A local newspaper delighted in its description of the scientist's ability to count and identify millions of bacteria in a milk sample. His work, it was reported, led to the quick identification of the particular equipment in a dairy that required better sterilization.

McKay brought a public health nurse on staff as well. Her responsibility lay in ensuring adequate medical care for children and mothers, and "relief" for families without an employed father. On another front, McKay advocated what we now call healthy lifestyles. He encouraged children and adults to be active in sports, including his favourite, golf. He and the city engineer designated a river location for summertime swimming and a riverbank hill for winter sliding. He suggested that the steam used in the generation of electricity at the city-owned powerhouse be diverted into a public steam bath.

McKay's tenure was brief. In the fall of 1912 the *Daily Star* reported that he had ambitions to become a health commissioner in charge of a larger jurisdiction. At the same time, he decided to travel to England and Europe to pursue postgraduate work in public health. He submitted his resignation and offered to return in one year. Not surprisingly, some councillors were pleased to accept his resignation. In the end, council granted him a leave. Reviewing his successes on the eve of his departure, the *Daily Star* wrote: "A man less vigorous and persistent in method and less consistent at heart could not have made such headway."

While he kept in contact with some of his fellow physicians, little was heard of McKay for the first months he was away. Then, on August 6, 1913, the local press stunned Saskatoon with the news that the doctor had taken ill on a holiday trip to Ireland. He had hurriedly been transported to London for treatment but died within days of what was referred to at the time as pleurisy. He was thirty-nine years old.

Dave Glaze is a Saskatoon teacher and writer of young adult fiction. His next book, *The Light-fingered Gang*, is scheduled for publication by Coteau Books in fall 2005. In the novel, set in Saskatoon in 1912, Dr. McKay's warnings of the consequences of unsanitary food and water too often go unheeded.

ET CETERA

***Plagues and Peoples* by William McNeill. Anchor Press, Garden City, New York, 1998.**

The wells question

An ongoing dispute over water and sewer connections that pitted Dr. McKay against city council and some businessmen and homeowners was well documented on the pages of Saskatoon's two daily newspapers as the "wells question."

In the early years of the settlement, families and businesses had wells on their properties to provide water for themselves and, often, for their animals. These wells were sometimes sheltered in basements, where the water was pumped manually or raised by rope in buckets. These shallow wells were susceptible to contamination, largely from surface runoff or subsurface water polluted by pit privies or livestock.

As the village turned into a town then quickly burst into a booming city, water and sewer mains were laid under the streets. Bylaws stipulated that a new building constructed where lines already were present had to be hooked up to the mains. Once the pipes had been laid, connections were to be made to all the buildings.

The majority of property owners were happy to oblige. But some resisted. They found the cost too great a hardship. They did not see the need to change from their traditional means of supply. Or they simply didn't like being told what to do.

In the summer and early fall of 1912, the situation grew tumultuous. Dr. McKay went on the offensive, firing off a torrent of notices to well owners giving them three days to change their water supply. Accompanied by a gang of men and teams of horses hauling wagons filled with dirt, health inspectors set out at 5:30 in the morning. The newspapers reported what they found: "surface wells of the worst possible type ... In nearly all the cases the wooden crib was rotten or mouldy ... in most instances the ordinary bucket was in operation." The crews threw disinfectant into the well water and filled in the hole.

Some citizens circulated a petition demanding the health department stop. The raids continued, the inspectors resorting even to subterfuge to root out every well. On one occasion a Mr. Thomas Ellis complained to city council that a man had come to his house and asked him for a drink. It happened that Mr. Ellis had a well concealed in his basement and no sooner had he given the man the drink than the fellow identified himself as a health inspector and immediately proceeded to fill the well. It had been, Mr. Ellis said, "the best in the city and as fine as anyone would want to drink out of." McKay retorted that he knew of a boy who had drunk water out of the well and been taken to the hospital with typhoid fever within a few days.

Still there were those who did not submit. In October, a Mr. John Wilkie was alleged to have assaulted health inspector Fred Dudley as the latter attempted to close Mr. Wilkie's well. "The officer," reported the Daily Star, "is slightly nursing a stiff neck as the result of being grabbed by the coat collar and shaken like a cyclone whirls its human prey. Witnesses of the exciting episode state that the officer was threatened with an axe." Mr. Wilkie was later convicted of illegally reopening his well instead of having his premises connected to the mains. While numerous wells were filled in during this campaign, it was years before the last one, like the last outdoor privy, was abandoned. –D.G.

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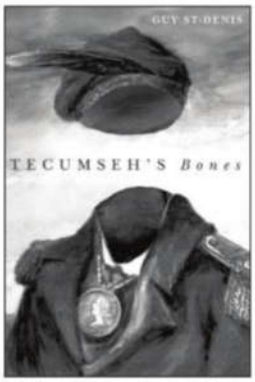

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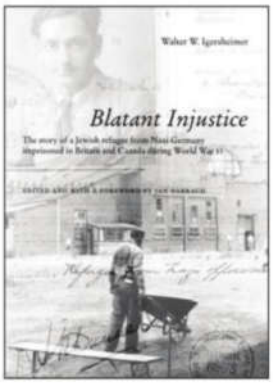

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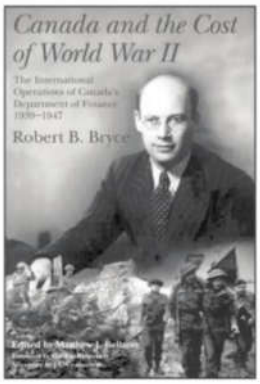

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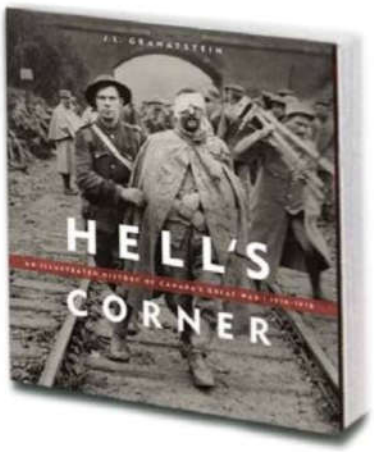


Hell's Corner: An Illustrated History of Canada's Great War, 1914–1918
By Jack Granatstein
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 2004
198 pp., illus., $50.00 hardcover

OH! WHAT AN UNLOVELY WAR

Jack and Des go together the way hockey and Saturdays used to, so it seemed appropriate to review their newest books in one sitting. I say "newest" with some trepidation, because between them they publish more books than some small-town libraries can shelve. So it's probable that these, their latest works, won't be by the time this review is in your hands, gentle reader.

Jack Granatstein's latest application of the defibrillators to our nation's history is *Hell's Corner*, an illustrated history of Canada in the Great War. Ours is an era when the death of one sailor in a fire makes headlines for days. We can hardly begin to comprehend how the generation that fought the war endured the psychological trauma of mechanized annihilation. In perhaps two weeks' worth of actual combat at Ypres, Festubert, and Givenchy in the spring and early summer of 1915, the infantry of the Canadian Division lost 90 percent of its original complement. Worse befell them in 1916. At Vimy Ridge in 1917 the Canadian Corps suffered nearly eleven thousand casualties in four days. How did they endure? It's a question that applies nearly as much to Canadians at home as to the boys in the trenches.

It is not Granatstein's fault that his intriguing and moving selection of photographs, most of which I have never seen before, fails to answer the question. Photographs remind us mainly how much is lost to history. Dead men smile for the camera, but wearily, shoulders hunched, feet submerged in mud. What were their names? What were they thinking? What became of them after that moment when the camera froze them forever? Here is a company plodding through the mud; there is a devastated landscape, a postnuclear nightmare before anyone had conceived of such a thing; somewhere in the middle, a terrible photograph of an advanced case of trench foot, which I have already scanned into PowerPoint for the benefit of my students, who think that suffering is a fifty-minute lecture.

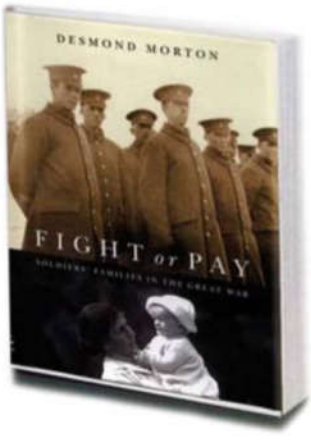
In comparison to the photographs, Granatstein's accompanying text seems rather tepid and his captions parsimonious. He relies excessively on the passive voice and capturing the fear and – dare I say – *thrill* of battle is sometimes beyond his expository powers. But there is much to be said for the ease with which he adjusts his narrative focus, from individual soldiers to grand strategy, and sometimes he writes with genuine warmth and wit, remarking at one point that most Canadian troops didn't mind their rations because, being British born, they were accustomed to unappetizing food.

Granatstein is an unacknowledged authority on Canadian art and a premier collector himself. It is therefore fitting that about half of the images herein are paintings and drawings, many of them executed by aspiring modernists, artists gesturing towards abstraction, groping to find a new artistic vocabulary for a reality too terrible for the old one to express. Seeing them, one immediately laments the decline of the war artist, for there are realms that the artist's brush can explore that the aperture and lens emphatically cannot.

I read Desmond Morton's history of families on the home front, *Fight or Pay*, second, seeking an answer to my question (how did they endure?) and finding, at least, a partial answer. In fairness, Morton wrote the book to satisfy his historical curiosity, not mine, but he seems to recognize that the question is implicit in any study of the Great War. Morton finds that part of the process of coping with separation was the "Patriotic," a fund that aimed to ease the financial burden assumed by families left behind.

Fight or Pay is an admirable book, graciously written. Like Jeffrey Keshen's recent *Saints, Sinners, and Soldiers*, it underscores the fact that there is no necessary conflict between academic and popular history. Reading it, I was struck at once by the realization that the world at the beginning of the Great War seems far less recognizable than the one at its end, as if the war had lasted a century and not four years. In 1914 married volunteers required proof that they had their wives' permission before the Canadian Expeditionary Force would take them, an astonishingly genteel proviso that rapidly lost its place in the era of mass warfare. Moreover it was, as Morton emphasizes, a time when most Canadians lived in something like stark poverty, a time when infant mortality rates in Canada were sometimes as high as in India.

While most studies of women in the world wars emphasize their assumption of nontraditional roles for the duration, Morton demonstrates how women served the war effort at least as much through their traditional, socially accepted roles as wife, mother, and caregiver. War gave reform movements in which women held central positions a

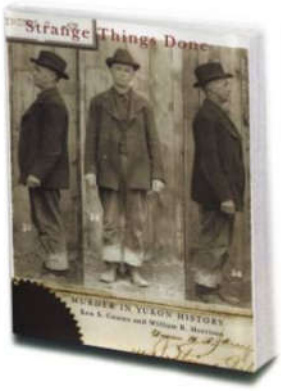


Fight or Pay: Soldiers' Families in the Great War
By Desmond Morton
UBC Press, Vancouver, 2004
368 pp., $39.95 hardcover

powerful new impetus, and in his discussion of the "Patriotic" Morton not only locates one of the critical reformist initiatives of the era, but the origins of our social welfare state.

Canadians who love their history owe Granatstein and Morton more than praise. But mention either of them in a roomful of young historians and you will raise not just eyebrows but core temperatures. Granatstein in particular has become a permanent ruffler of feathers. In part this is because his critique of the new generation of historians, if not precisely on-target, is near enough to it to make the younglings leap for cover. I must confess that I had always thought of Granatstein and Morton as an old guard, besieged by the new vanguard. How surprising to learn that they hold the high ground still.

Reviewed by Graham Broad, who teaches Canadian history at Kings University College at the University of Western Ontario.



Strange Things Done: Murder in Yukon History
By Ken Coates and William Morrison
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 2004
227 pp., $34.95 hardcover

AN ABSENCE OF DANGEROUS DAN MCGREWS

In *Strange Things Done*, Ken Coates and William Morrison, both history professors and authors with an extensive knowledge of Canada's north, debunk the myth of the Yukon Territory in its gold-rush heyday to the end of the Second World War as the home of mad trappers stricken with cabin fever, violent miners, and serial killers committing indiscriminate homicides. But after removing the legends and popular misconceptions, the authors reveal the hard facts of ordinary, sporadic murders, and assess them in the overall context of northern life during this period.

Strange Things Done (the title is aptly taken from Robert Service's opus *The Cremation of Sam McGee*) showcases a selection of murders, often ending with a swift trial and execution. For each crime, the authors present the essential facts and surrounding circumstances, and examine possible motives. They present a diverse group of murders: aboriginals slaying Europeans, newcomers suffering from mental illness killing for no apparent reason, aboriginals murdering aborigi-

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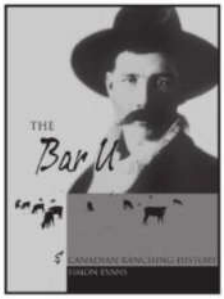

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nals, husbands killing wives, and stampeders shooting comrades making their way to the goldfields.

The Yukon was not a wild frontier but, for the most part, a law-abiding place. Despite the efforts of Hollywood directors, pulp-fiction writers, and Canadian literary icons such as Robert Service to paint the Yukon as a lawless territory, murder was uncommon. Coates and Morrison argue that the Yukon differed fundamentally from the American West in its social culture. Relations between aboriginals and Europeans were by and large peaceable, prospectors demanded order, and the Mounted Police enforced the law with a firm hand. When homicides did occur, the public was often shocked and outraged. The general consensus was that most of those convicted deserved capital punishment or long periods of incarceration.

There is a dearth of available material on this subject, and the authors should be commended for gathering together enough data to present each crime in such detail. The key primary sources for information are federal government archival files and police records. Nevertheless, much of the text is based on secondary sources. A greater emphasis on available court records would have added valuable insight and better depth to the book.

Court cases are often complex, and neither Coates nor Morrison are lawyers. As a result, *Strange Things Done* would have benefited from a better understanding of legal matters since it contains a significant amount of procedure and terminology that requires elaboration for nonspecialists.

It is worth nothing that the conditions that make the Yukon unique – for example, extreme cold and darkness in winter and light in summer, isolation, distance, and a sparse population – are the same today as they were a century ago. It would therefore have been intriguing if Coates and Morrison had also examined more recent Yukon murders in greater detail to see if some of their conclusions remain valid. They make passing reference to

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BY SUSAN GOLDENBERG

a 2003 Yukon murder in the preface, but do not elaborate.

Strange Things Done features a good selection of maps and photographs, although some chapters have no pictures while others have several. Oddly, the map of the Yukon dates from the late 1930s, long after most of the murders mentioned there had occurred, while the map of the western Arctic shows modern boundaries. There are few accompanying endnotes, except for those relating to two chapters only, and many key passages found throughout the book are not referenced.

Criticisms aside, this book is a notable contribution to historical studies as it sheds important light on how Yukon society's sense of justice evolved, particularly under the special pressures and tensions of the Klondike gold rush. The discourse on Canada's social development has been greatly enhanced by the authors' unique analysis of the role played by murder and violent death in northern life.

Reviewed by Gavin Murphy, an Ottawa lawyer and frequent contributor to the *Beaver*.

More Books

The Battle of the St. Lawrence: The Second World War in Canada.
By Nathan M. Greenfield

Canada's peace was shattered May 11, 1942, when a German U-boat torpedoed the SS *Nicoya* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Two years later, twenty-one merchants ships and four Canadian warships had been destroyed in the same area, resulting in more than three hundred deaths: World War II was just not over there; it was right here as well. Though these battles were not hidden from Canadians during the war, they've been largely forgotten over the last sixty years by historians and writers. For Nathan Greenfield *The Battle of the St. Lawrence* is an act of historical recovery. Trawling archives and diaries as well as scholarly works, he's created a lively and accessible narrative about the dark days when Nazis plied Canada's inland waters.

HarperCollins, Toronto, 2004. 287 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

Canada's House: Rideau Hall and the invention of a Canadian home.
By Margaret MacMillan, Marjorie Harris and Anne L. Desjardins

George Brown told Sir John A. Macdonald Rideau Hall was a "miserable little house." Canada's first governors general, British aristocrats every one, didn't say they agreed, but they weren't slow to enlarge and refurbish. Today, the official residence of Canada's head of state is what an official residence should be: splendid. So is this profusely illustrated book, which not only guides the reader through the history of the home and its (to date) twenty-six vice-regal occupants, but through the development of its gardens, considered one of the finest northern gardens in the world, and through the brilliance of its kitchen, which is dedicated to showcasing Canadian ingredients and recipes (twenty are included).

Alfred A. Knopf Canada, Toronto, 2004. 254 pp., illus., $55.00 hardcover.

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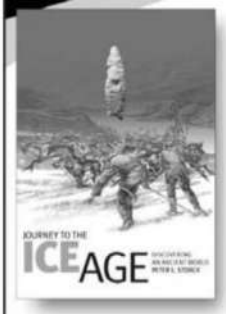

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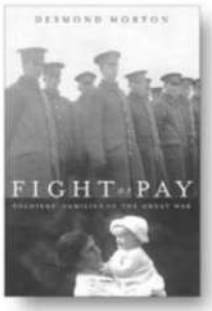

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– *Maclean's Magazine, November 2004*

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Class, Politics, and the *Soirée Musicale*

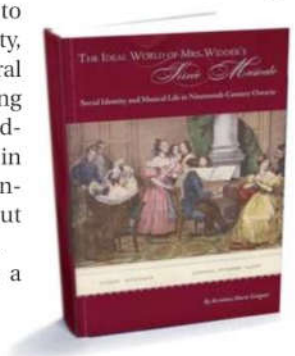
On Tuesday, March 12, 1844, at an elegant home on Front Street in Toronto named *Lyndhurst*, Elizabeth and Frederick Widder hosted a *soirée musicale*. The program was subtle and ambitious, the evening was a great success, and everyone surely went home uplifted and entertained.

That would seem to have been the end of it, but I've been reading a recent book, *The Ideal World of Mrs. Widder's Soirée Musicale*, that is devoted entirely to what went on that long-ago evening. By "treating a concert program as a portrait of an historical moment," Kristina Marie Guiguet has offered us a remarkable instance of what a micro-history can be.

Kristina Guiguet claims that *The Phantom of the Opera* made her a historian. "I played Madame Giry, the ballet mistress, really the only independent woman musician in *The Phantom*," she explained recently. "I loved that role. But underneath there was always the gender issue. I began thinking about the situation of women in music, about the roles that are and have been available to women."

Guiguet has sung opera and musical theatre in Europe, Canada, and the United States. Her parents were musicians and composers, and she knows well the constraints that shape and limit artistic careers. She began to reimagine the constraints women musicians faced in the era of *The Phantom*. "I once thought the nineteenth century meant boring women singing boring music and not allowed to be paid for it. Instead, I began finding my ancestors."

Eventually the search for musical genealogies led Guiguet to Ottawa's Carleton University, where she is now a doctoral candidate in history. Finding the program from Mrs. Widder's *soirée* immersed her in the "web of social relationships" that stretched out around an evening's music.



Elizabeth Widder was a *Lady Amateur*, part of a circle of musical women (often with considerable skill and extensive training) from the leading families of Toronto. Though prepared for musical challenges and discerning audiences, they lived with class and gender rules that declared it inappropriate for women of their social position to perform publicly. A *soirée musicale* at a home like the Widders' was the only stage available to them.

Kristina Marie Guiguet: a concert program as a historical moment.

Guiguet appreciates the skill and judgment with which Mrs. Widder developed the program for the evening. "The skills to bring together the performers, the audience, the music, the sequence of performances – she must have been an amazing organizer!" The *soirée* included instrumental music, operatic arias, choral singing, and popular ballads. As a musician herself, Guiguet can see the care with which the program was structured. ("The art of program building is unfamiliar to most scholarship," she writes dryly.)

She's also fascinated by the class tensions and musical sympathies that entangled the amateurs and professionals who performed together at the *soirée musicale*. "He was just the most divine man. I love him!" she says of James Dodsley Humphreys, then Toronto's leading composer, teacher, and performer, and the key professional musician that evening. As a professional artist, Humphreys stood between the working class and "respectability," forced to deploy a blend of tact, charm, and deference to sustain his position.

Guiguet observes the *Lady Amateurs*, who were also watched that night by their fathers or husbands. The virtuoso female performer was Mary Jane Hagerman, soon to be Mrs. John Beverley Robinson Jr. She had talent and stage presence to match the professionals and boldly sang an aria written for a male singer, but she too was constrained by the silken cords of social status. Mrs. Widder sang several pieces without challenging her role as dutiful wife and domestic chatelaine, but Miss Hagerman wanted more. A few years later, she would run off to Buffalo to perform on the professional stage under an assumed name – before being pulled back, temporarily silenced, and then returned to a round of household concerts and charitable performances.

There was more than gender and music at stake in Mrs. Widder's *soirée musicale*, Guiguet thinks. 1844 was a vital,

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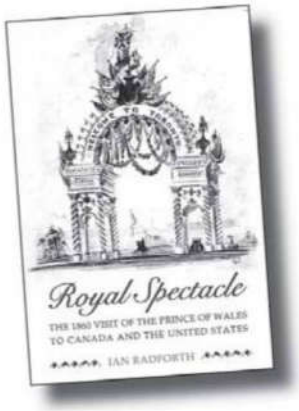

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Ian Radforth

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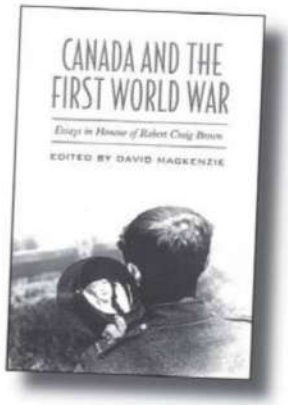

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stormy moment in Ontario political history, with the autocratic old ruling elite – Hagermans and Robinsons, notably – losing ground against the challenge of responsible government reformers. Frederick Widder, a modern land developer and a pragmatic capitalist, needed allies in both camps. Guiguet argues an acutely political agenda can be seen, not only in the guest list (where reformers and conservatives alike came to see their daughters perform), but in the music itself.

"The classical tradition of music supposes that music is in and of itself, and gender is not an issue. But we can see the program is loaded with local references." In the lyrics and subjects throughout the evening, Guiguet finds an ideology of British patriotism and honourable, unelected male leadership. These were precisely the values Frederick Widder wanted his guests and patrons to associate with his land-development agenda. Though Widder himself never sang a note, Guiguet argues, his wife's program declared his values were the society's values.

"The local references construct the meaning of the music and change each musical selection," says Guiguet. "This is anathema to traditional musical theory, in which each piece of music stands alone, to be appreciated for itself." Instead, the whole political, economic, social, class, and gender history of nineteenth-century Canada shaped how the audience heard the program of that single night's entertainment.

The challenge of microhistory – finding "everything" in a single event – is that the historian needs to know everything to understand the event. Reading ideologies into musical performances, there are no proofs and few certainties. There were moments when I thought Mrs. Widder's guests might have found political or social themes quite different from the ones Kristina Guiguet hears. But that the meanings are there, I never doubted.

Programs of nineteenth-century concerts are rare, and Kristina Guiguet continues to search for more evidence of the *soirée musicale* in Canada. I will pass on information from readers who might have such items, care of the *Beaver* or <cmed@sympatico.ca>.

The Ideal World of Mrs. Widder's Soirée Musicale **by Kristina Marie Guiguet is published in the Mercury Series of the Canadian Museum of Civilization <www.cyberboutique.civilization.ca>.**

An Enlightenment man, Louis-Antoine de Bougainville played a pivotal role in many major world history events. Writer Victor Suthren admires his wisdom and generous nature.

Louis-Antoine de Bougainville (1729–1811) was an extraordinary French military and naval officer who led a remarkable career that took him from the boudoirs of Paris to the flintlock battlefields of North America, and on to the lush islands of the South Pacific. Gifted and urbane, thoughtful and articulate, he was a highly civilized observer of the terrors of the Seven Years' War in Canada from 1756 to 1760 and the losing battle against the overpowering English forces of Prime Minister William Pitt. Following the war and the French loss of Canada, Bougainville expended much of his personal fortune in attempting to establish destitute Acadians in a settlement on the Falkland Islands, and when that successful effort was thwarted by politics, turned his energies to a voyage of Pacific exploration and world circumnavigation that rivalled the first voyage of the Englishman James Cook. From that voyage, Bougainville's account of the apparent paradise of Tahiti shocked France and contributed to the social ferment leading to the French Revolution. Bougainville contributed personally to the American Revolution when in 1781 he commanded the van of the French fleet off Yorktown that prevented the Royal Navy from relieving the encircled British army of Lord Cornwallis. The victory off Yorktown, for which Bougainville received much of the credit, ended British hopes of suppressing the rebellion, and a peace treaty establishing the United States of America followed soon thereafter.

As the storm cloud of the French Revolution broke over France, Bougainville managed to bridge the enormous social divide between the elites and the masses due to the popularity with which he had been viewed by his crews, and his nonnoble background. For a time he briefly held senior command in the Revolutionary navy, only to give it up when the general social turmoil made any command structure unworkable. At the height of the terror, his reputation did not prevent him from being imprisoned, but the death of Robespierre led to his release. Napoleon respected Bougainville, and in the course of time Bougainville was named a Senator and Count of the Empire, dying amidst honour and general admiration in 1811.

COURTESY OF VICTOR SUTHREN

Beyond his competence as a soldier and naval commander, however, Bougainville displayed intellectual skills and an omnivorous fascination with the natural world that made him every inch the Enlightenment man. Mathematical ability allowed him to write a treatise on integral calculus that won him a Fellowship in Britain's Royal Society at a time when both nations were at war, and the journals of his experiences in North America and the Pacific were full of observations on his environment, both social and natural, that drew on a knowledge of Greek and Latin scholarship. Fluent in English, a capacity that made him the negotiator of terms with his British adversaries on more than one occasion – including the surrender of Montreal in 1760 that effectively ended the Seven Years' War in North America – Bougainville was in many respects the "international citizen" which was the ideal of the educated eighteenth-century gentleman; loyal to his Crown and nation as honour required, but a member of a civil and literate fraternity which knew no political boundaries. In his life are visible both the limitations and the most admirable principles of the eighteenth-century world, and his significance as a player in some of the most momentous events in history, and as a mirror of those events, is remarkable.

My own admiration for Bougainville lies in his warmth and the consistent optimism he brought to his observation of his times. Having been to sea in square-rigged sailing ships, I have awe for anyone who went to sea in the eighteenth century, and can only observe that Bougainville was, despite his gentility, a man of extraordinary toughness. He knew both Iroquois and Tahitians, and glimpsed the lives led by members of a number of other societies. With his knowledge of the classics, he would have been aware of Terence's quote from 195 B.C.: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto. [I am a man. I deem nothing human to be foreign to me.]" What could he have told us about the human family and its essential oneness that might have helped us avoid the genocidal horrors that lay between his age and our own? He was a civilized, honourable man of warmth and decency. In an era when such qualities are rare in the world's leadership, to hear from him on such a vital question would have been a valued gift indeed.

Victor Suthren is an Ottawa writer with an interest in eighteenth-century navigation and exploration. He recently completed *The Sea Has No End*, a biography of Louis-Antoine de Bougainville.

Frank Kortright as a young man, before World War I

COURTESY SUZANNE EVANS

CONFLAGRATION AND CONSERVATION

My grandfather, Frank Kortright, is remembered for being a hunter and fisherman who developed a great respect for the animals he tracked and the places they lived. For him this meant going beyond knowing how to construct the best duck-hunting blind and where to place it. In his introduction to *The Ducks, Geese and Swans of North America* (1942), a classic text updated and still in use, he claimed he was writing because he believed there were enough "gunners" like himself who needed a portable book "to settle the arguments that take place around the camp stove after a day's shoot." He hoped that the knowledge imparted by the book would help "in the great work of conservation." It is to this work that he dedicated much of his time and energy from the 1930s onward. In 1939 he organized the first National Wildlife Conference in Canada, in 1948 he founded the Canadian National Sportsman's Show to raise money for conservation, and in 1952 he formed the Conservation Council of Ontario to build consensus, this time around the board table rather than the camp stove, to help guide plans for future environmental preservation.

Of course to me, the youngest daughter of his youngest daughter, he was not a great man, just an old man who had an amazing ability to swallow raw eggs whole and track their progress down his gullet with his finger. Like no other grownup I knew, he had an extensive collection of mechanical toys and a bear rug to sit on while playing with them under the watchful eyes of the stuffed owl. Granddad may have been a slow shuffler when I knew him, but he was lightning-quick with his cane, startling any unsuspecting prey with a teasing poke or an irascible call to attention. My father used to call him Old Frankenstein – his temper was legendary – and I used to wonder if he was happier in the company of animals than of people.

He died in 1972, taking with him answers to questions I have just started to frame. While doing research on World War I, I decided on a whim to call up his military records. As I read through his file I began to wonder what effect the war might have had on his future attitudes towards conservation. Despite the dry meticulousness of military records, the pages spoke clearly of his emotional reaction to his surroundings.

Born in 1887, Granddad grew up on the Caribbean island of St. Kitts, a place where sea and sand were never more than a walk away, and the out-of-doors crept, sprouted, and wafted through living spaces regardless of whether under hot sky or cool roof. But the island couldn't keep him past his eighteenth birthday, and he went to Toronto to study engineering before heading off to Costa Rica to work. His parents and sisters eventually immigrated to Canada, and he too came to call Barrie, Ontario, home.

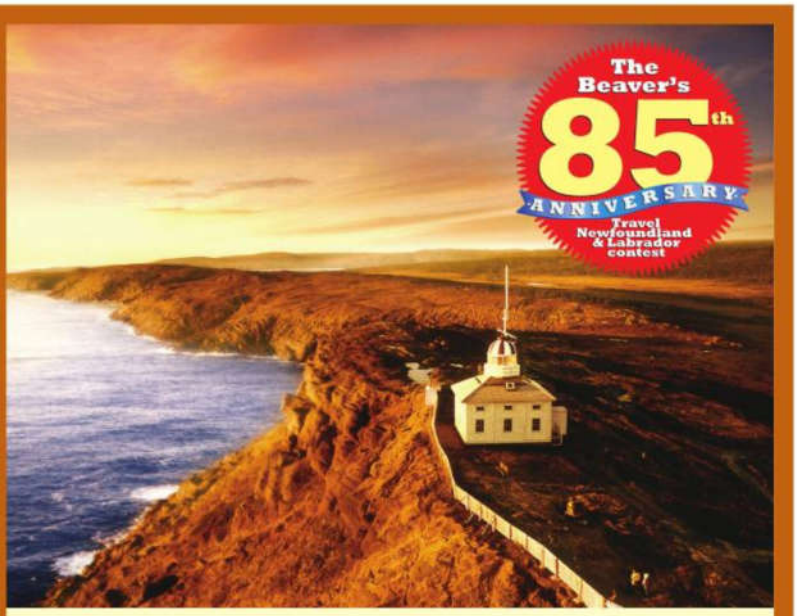
On April 12, 1916, Granddad walked into the recruitment office in Barrie, signed over control of his life to the powers of war, and took his place in the 177th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Like some others before him, he accepted a lower rank, moving from major to lieutenant "for the purpose of proceeding overseas." This fact suggests an eagerness to take part in this international event. He was after all a man who had left home and crossed oceans, mountains, and cultures in his time. But it is difficult to know if this "enthusiasm" to take part was more expected by others than felt by himself. At twenty-eight, he was no longer a

young man and less prone to rash decisions and travel itches. By November of that year he had married my grandmother, and when he sailed for Liverpool the next May, he was expecting to be a father in a few months.

The majority of the records in his military file consist of medical reports. There were no gunshot wounds, amputations, or broken bones of which to be informed. Instead there were reports of tremors in his hands, and the words *neurasthenic* and *general debility* written on these papers marked "Confidential." On May 1, 1918, he entered into the military medical establishment, beginning with Field Hospital 20 in France from which he was evacuated to Étaples on the coast. After a month there he was given leave in England. At the end of those weeks he was seen by a medical officer and subsequently reported to the Canadian Convalescent Officers' Hospital in Matlock Bath, England. Though he got further and further from the field, his health did not seem to improve. In the terminology of the day he was suffering from shell shock. By July one of the medical board examiners used the term *introspective* to describe Lieutenant Kortright's medical condition, a term which came up again in other documents. His "debility" kept him out of the war for its remaining duration.

Frank Kortright knew about guns and hunting his prey, but the devastation of his surroundings, in both human and environmental terms, and the fear that invaded the very mud all remaining beings lived in had a "debilitating" impact on him. He returned to Canada in 1919 and spent some years supporting and increasing his family before turning his attention to the world beyond his door. Having lived through the destruction of nature at the hand of warring nations, his introspective nature gave him an empathy for the wildlife trying to survive in a world increasingly under attack by human industry. Coincidence or not, his work in conservation got under way as the world headed into the next war.

By Suzanne Evans, who parents, lives, and writes in Ottawa; she thinks a fair amount about the long-term effects war has had on this relatively peaceful society.



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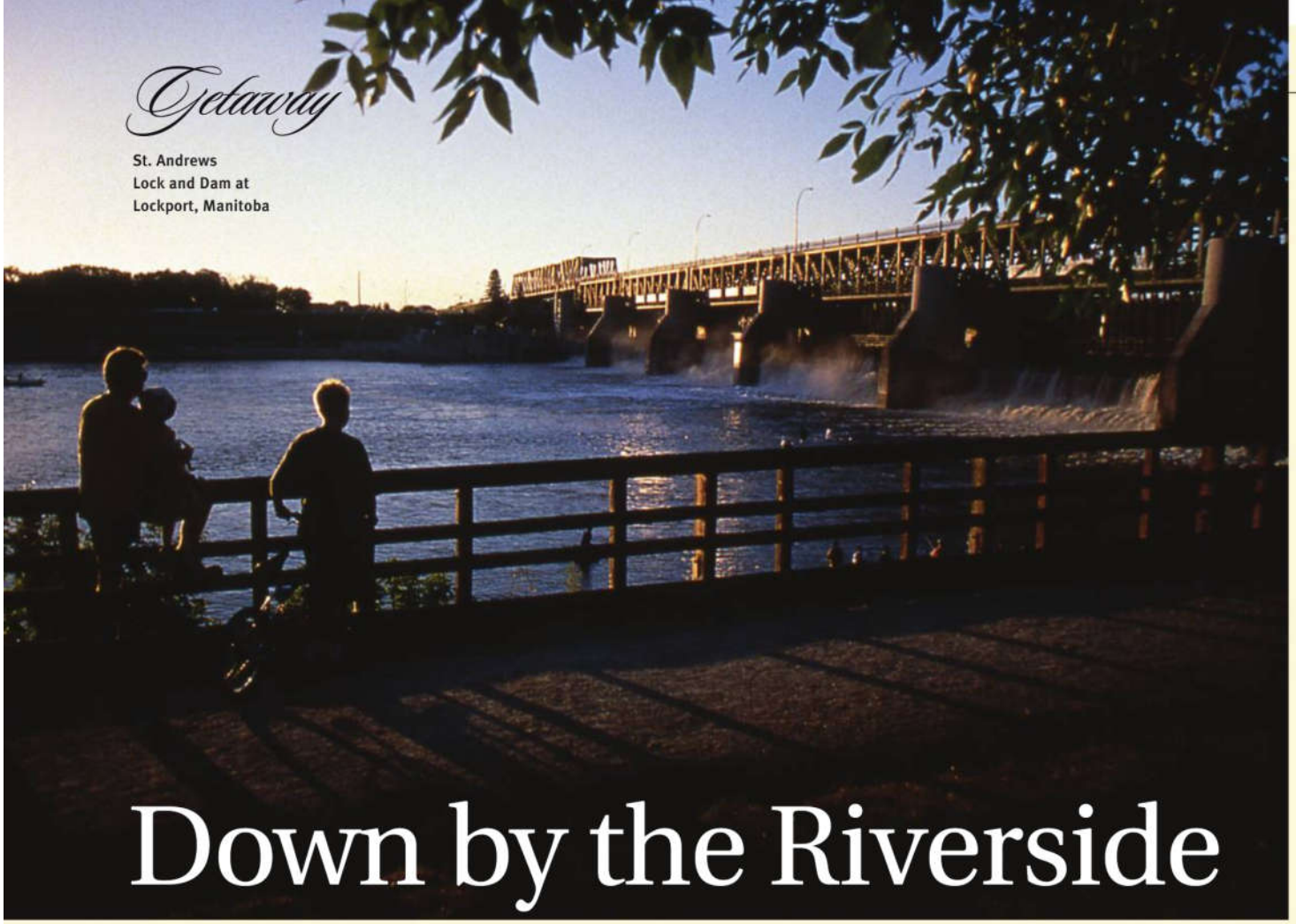

St. Andrews
Lock and Dam at
Lockport, Manitoba

TRAVEL MANITOBA

Down by the Riverside

The Red River north of Winnipeg was the beaten path for generations of Cree fishers and Scots settlers. As Barbara Huck discovers, today's byway remains rich with historic resonance.

River Road Heritage Parkway winds along the west bank of the Red River north of Winnipeg, the oldest public right-of-way west of Ontario. But its origins go back much further, for people travelling from the upper Red and Assiniboine Rivers to Lake Winnipeg used this route for millennia.

The focal points of a trip down River Road today – St. Andrew's Church and Rectory, St. Andrews Lock and Dam, and Lower Fort Garry, all national or provincial historic sites – frame the reasons that so many came this way for so long: the rapids of the Red River. Here, where the broad, silty river tumbled over a series of limestone ledges en route to the lake, is one of the best fishing spots in the country. Fishers still line the banks above and below the dam (which drowned the rapids nearly a century ago), pulling out everything from pickerel to huge catfish. The "big cats" must be thrown back, but the thrill of even a brief face-to-face encounter with one of these venerable giants more than makes up for the loss.

On both banks, the soil is deep and rich, thanks to uncounted inundations of the river, and archaeologists have found evidence here of a large farming community that goes back six centuries. European settlement is more recent, beginning in the early 1820s, when the Hudson's Bay Company, faced with a surfeit of employees who were loath to return home to Orkney or Scotland, designated the west side of the river, north of the slightly earlier Selkirk settlement, as farmland.

Recognizing an opportunity, William Cockran, an energetic Scot with the Church of England Missionary Society, arrived in 1830. "I fixed myself upon a bank at the rapids," he wrote, "and wrought on 'til I got a house built for myself – then I assembled the people and preached to them." The result was St. Andrew's-on-the-Red, the oldest church west of the Great Lakes. In 1844, veteran Scottish stonemason Duncan McRae was employed to build a new church building, using Tyndall limestone quarried nearby. Constructed in a Gothic Revival style, with kneelers upholstered in bison hide, the church is still in use today. Adjacent St. Andrew's Rectory, a fine

PETER ST. JOHN

Costumed interpreters at Lower Fort Garry

PETER ST. JOHN

The fur shed at Lower Fort Garry

example of Red River architecture, still houses the parish rector on its second floor; the main floor offers displays and information about the rectory, the church, and its historic cemetery.

A stone's throw north is Captain Kennedy House, a two-and-a-half-storey mansion set amid enchanting English gardens. Built in 1866 for HBC trader and Arctic adventurer William Kennedy, the restored residence features a charming period teahouse between May and October. Year-round it's said to house a ghost.

Farther north is the St. Andrews Lock and Dam, a national historic site in Lockport. And across the bridge is the aptly named Kenosewun (Cree for "there are many fishes") Centre, with its archaeological displays and tourist information, in a parklike setting with footpaths overlooking the ancient fishing site.

For many, Lower Fort Garry, 175 years old this year, is the highlight of the tour. Governor George Simpson ordered the construction of the magnificent limestone-walled creation below the rapids in 1830. The location soon proved inopportune and Upper Fort Garry was begun thirty-two kilometres upstream at The Forks, the confluence of the Assiniboine, five years later. But what was once a commercial disadvantage proved an advantage historically, for Lower Fort Garry is now the oldest intact stone fort in North America. Staffed by costumed interpreters and boasting an excellent visitor centre, it's the focus of an entertaining schedule of events from mid-May to Labour Day.

And who says history does not repeat itself? Between 1830 and 1870, River Road was among the most sought-after real estate in Manitoba; the lavish homes going up along the winding road indicate the same is true today.

Barbara Huck is managing partner of Heartland Associates, a Winnipeg publishing firm.

IF YOU GO ...

The River Road Heritage Parkway (Highway 238), an eleven-kilometre stretch of road, hugs the west bank of the Red River, beginning eighteen kilometres north of Winnipeg. Follow the signs along Highway 9, the rural continuation of Winnipeg's Main Street, and turn east. All sites are clearly marked. For information on places to see, accommodations, and special events, contact:

Travel Manitoba
Department AB4
7th Floor, 155 Carlton Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 3H8
T: 1-800-665-0040 ext. AB4
W: www.travelmanitoba.com

Some sites included in this article are open on seasonal basis.
For further information, contact:

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3 St. Andrews Road
St. Andrews, Manitoba R1A 2Y1
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St. Andrew's Rectory NHS
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W: www.parkscanada.gc.ca/rectory

Captain Kennedy Museum and Tea House
417 River Road
St. Andrews, Manitoba, R1A 2Y1
T: 204-334-2498
E: vbrown@mts.net

Lockport Heritage Park
St. Andrews Lock and Dam
and Kenosewun Centre
1 Keystone Drive,
Selkirk, Manitoba, R1A 2H5
T: 204-757-2902

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Tantoo Cardinal autographs a copy of *Our Story* launched in February 2005 to promote Aboriginal historical writing.

The Canadian Aboriginal Youth Writing Challenge

The Dominion Institute, a nonprofit organization best known for the Memory Project, which brings veteran and immigrant stories to popular media and classrooms, recently launched a new program to capture more from our Aboriginal history. Aboriginal students (15 to 18 years of age) from across the country were invited to participate in The Canadian Aboriginal Youth Writing Challenge and write a story about a defining moment in Aboriginal history.

The first-place winner will receive a $500 cash prize, a profile in a Canadian Learning Television production, and a trip to Ottawa for a special event. The top ten finalists will each receive a $200 prize.

Submissions will be judged by an advisory committee of Aboriginal authors and leaders, including Tantoo Cardinal, Chief Dwight Dorey, Tomson Highway, Jose Kusugak, Lee Maracle, Brian Marcle, Rachel A. Qitsualik, and Drew Hayden Taylor.

The History Society is proud to provide this opportunity to showcase an emerging talent and to support and encourage young Aboriginal writers across Canada to focus on history as the subject of their work.

The winning submission will be featured in the August/September issue of the *Beaver*.

Digital collection of Fur Trade Stories set to go online

At the Manitoba Museum in Winnipeg, on April 21, Manitoba Education Minister Peter Bjornson, and Rick Lussier, of The Winnipeg Foundation, each confirmed funding in the amount of $30,000 towards the construction of a new digital archive of the HBC Collections in Manitoba. The *Beaver*, in partnership with the Manitoba Museum,

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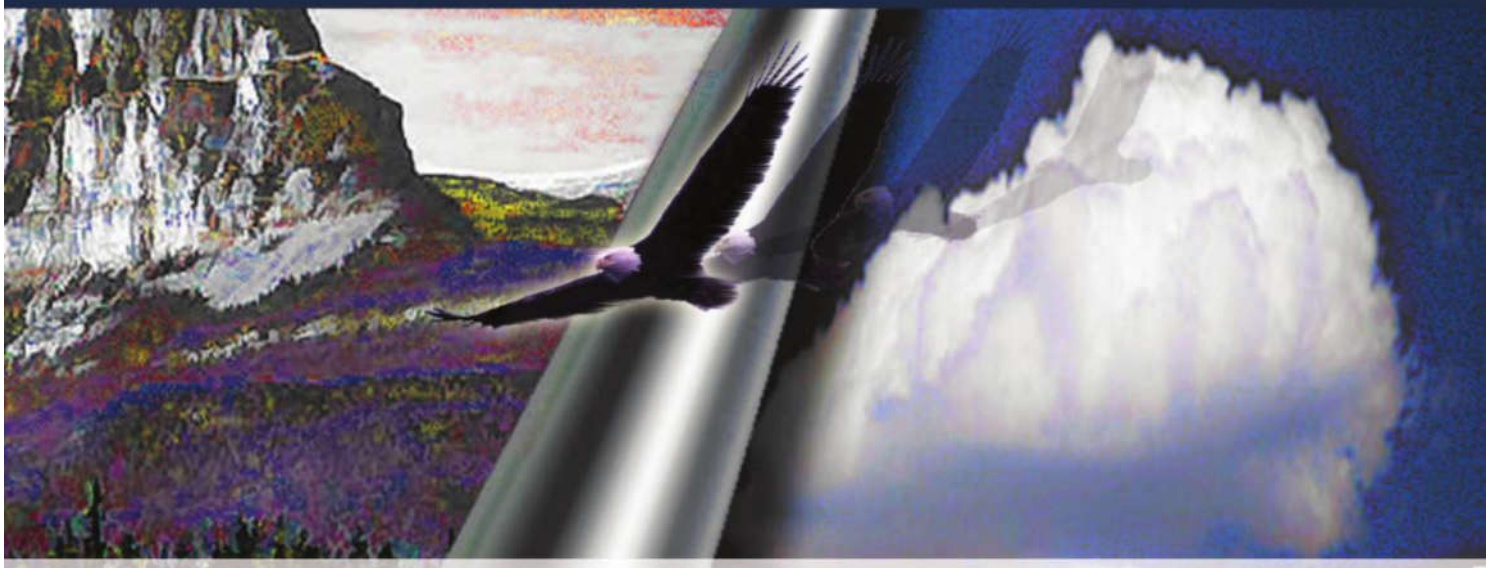

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Deborah Morrison, president and CEO celebrates the launch with project partners Peter Bjornson, Manitoba Minister of Education, Citizenship and Youth; Rick Lussier, director of Community Grants, Winnipeg Foundation; and Claudette Leclerc, executive director Manitoba Museum.

the Manitoba Archives, and Parks Canada initiated the project last year. CN and the Hudson's Bay Company are also contributing financially to the project.

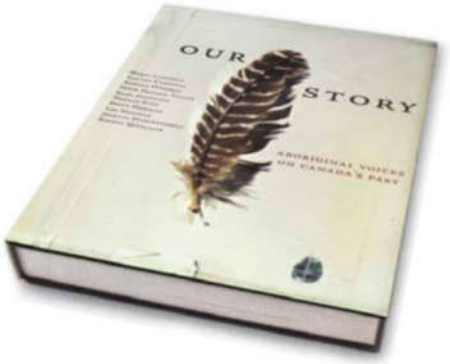
The new online resource was created in part to commemorate the Hudson's Bay Company's remarkable gifts to the province of Manitoba granted in 1994. It will be a welcome resource for teachers and students across Canada and throughout the world. Fur Trade Stories will be available on-line in late fall 2005.

Special Pierre Berton Award Tribute: For the Love of History

The History Society's first book, to be published in partnership with Anchor Canada, a division of Random House Canada, will be available in book stores this Christmas.

For the Love of History features selected work from all ten Pierre Berton Award recipients to date including: Pierre Berton, James Gray, Jacques Lacoursière, Patrick Watson (The Heritage Minutes), Peter C. Newman, Bob Johnstone (This Day in History), Mark Starowicz (Canada: A People's History), Charlotte Gray, Jack Granatstein, and a special photo essay of the historic site commemorated by the Canadian Society for Civil Engineering. *For the Love of History* will be launched at the eleventh annual Pierre Berton Dinner on Saturday, October 29, 2005, in Edmonton, Alberta. Society members will also be able to purchase copies (suggested price $21.00) through the History Society's General Store. All proceeds from sales will go to support the activities of the History Society.

Our Story



Our Story, published by Doubleday Canada, brings together nine leading Aboriginal authors from across the country, including Tantoo Cardinal, Thomas King, and Tomson Highway, who each contributed a short fictional story about a defining moment in Aboriginal history. *Our Story* was produced with generous donations from Enbridge Inc., the Canadian Studies Department of Canadian Heritage, and Doubleday Canada.

Our Story is available at bookstores across Canada.

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Elizabeth Young, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the great-granddaughter of Peter Watson. She lives in Lorette, Manitoba.

On track Peter Watson, according to family lore, had three wives. Perhaps this accounts for the crowd surrounding him. He, bearded, is seated to the left of the picture. The rest may well be sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters, and so on. The woman standing, hand on chair, is possibly his wife. Well, his current one, at any rate. Or, maybe, his daughter. The setting is Ontario, likely in the Lindsay area. There was serious intent behind the photograph: Someone, after all, dragged living room furniture out of the house to accommodate the elderly subjects. But some may not have taken the occasion as seriously. The man nearest the door appears to be aiming a shotgun at the photographer. The woman on the right, for reasons we'll never know, has elected to cuddle a couple of potted flowers. It looks like they lived near the tracks. Not on the wrong side, surely.

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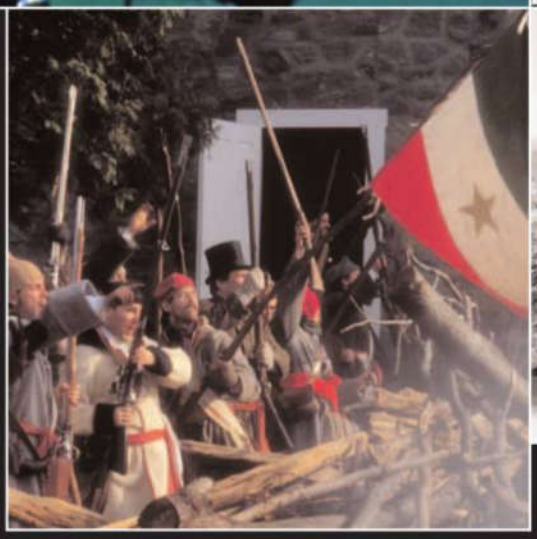

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